

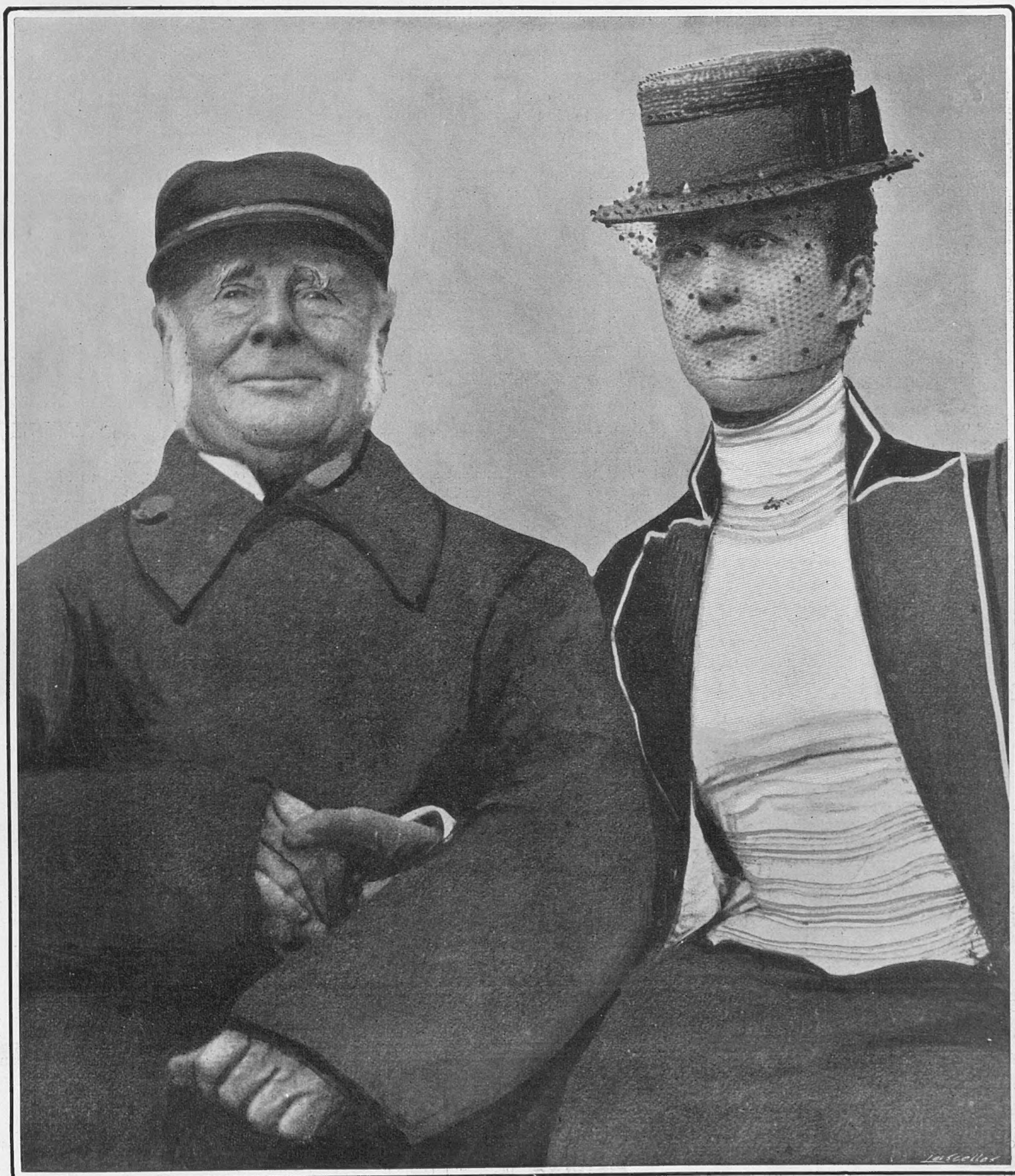


No. 497.—Vol. XXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1902.

SIXPENCE.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS A SAILOR.



ADMIRAL KEPPEL AND THE QUEEN: A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH.

"THE SKETCH" CORONATION NUMBER: IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The issue of "The Sketch" for next week (August 13) will be a Double Coronation Number, priced at One Shilling. This will contain, in addition to actual pictures of the great Ceremony and the Processions, humorous Coronation drawings by Phil May, Dudley Hardy, Tom Browne, Gunning King, John Hassall, Lewis Baumer, and James Greig. There will also be found interesting and profusely illustrated articles on the personalities of the King and Queen,

written, respectively, by Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis and Marie Belloc-Lowndes. "Monocle" contributes a striking paper on "The Coronation and the Actor-Managers": this will be illustrated with portraits of the various Managers in favourite characters. A magnificent Supplement, printed on Art Paper, is in preparation, and the usual features will not be forgotten. As there will be no reprints, "Sketch" readers are strongly advised to order their copies at once.

MOTLEY NOTES.

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

IN common with all true-hearted loyalists, I shall be very glad, of course, when the King is absolutely himself again. At the same time, I must admit that I shall miss the pretty little accounts of his convalescence. It has been a great comfort to me, during the last three or four weeks of typical London weather, to read, from day to day, that His Majesty was having such a delightfully refreshing time at Cowes. Sometimes, as I toyed with my morning coffee, to the accompaniment of stamping horses, buzzing motor-cars, and hooting railway-engines, I would close my eyes and imagine that I was sniffing up the glorious air of the Solent from the deck of the *Victoria and Albert*. I have, I may say, a tolerably strong imagination, and, once or twice, I could have sworn that I heard the flapping of the royal awning. It was somewhat disconcerting to open my eyes and realise that the illusion was caused by the agitation of the window-curtains as they covered before the usual summer gale. But no matter. I hope that the papers will be enterprising enough to continue the convalescence diary when the King goes to Balmoral. If they do, I shall, doubtless, have a very pleasant time with the grouse.

I have often heard people boast of the ease and rapidity with which they have mastered the type-writer. Well, with all that humility which has ever been characteristic of my beautiful nature, I should like to point out that I am writing this paragraph on the first type-writing machine that I ever possessed in the whole course of my adventurous career. Sceptics, no doubt, will assure themselves, and others, that the inevitable errors have all been put right by some venal compositor, but I shall disarm any such obvious criticism by inviting my incredulous enemies to communicate direct with the Foreman-Printer and have the lie thrown in their teeth, without thanks. Mind you, I have no intention of stating the exact time that it has taken me to type these few lines. A labour of love is the last thing that is likely to benefit from advertisement on the part of the labourer. The only circumstance to which I would call the attention of the friendly reader is the fact that, throughout this paragraph, there is to be found but one mistake.

With the establishment of the halfpenny morning paper as a feature of daily life, a new recreation has been created for those people who are sufficiently in sympathy with the English language to know when it is being ill-treated. The staff of the *Daily Mail*, I think, provide more sport for the patrons of this new pastime than any other collection of journalists. Discoursing, for example, on the gentleman who "loops the loop" at the Aquarium, one of these enterprising young men makes the following astounding statement: "The impetus gives the centrifugal force which literally glues the rider and his machine to the track." I have given a front place in my journalese museum to "literally glues." In the same issue, another master tells us that, humanly speaking, there is no doubt that the King will be able to support the fatigue of the Coronation. One duly admires the gracious way in which allowance is made for the eccentricities of Providence. A little further down the column, however, I read, to my amazement: "Prior to the Royal departure for the North, there will be, as already stated, a review of the Indian and Colonial troops by the King, probably in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. Of this there is no doubt whatever." The hint at an inside knowledge of Divine plans with regard to reviews as distinct from Coronations strikes me as being particularly joyous.

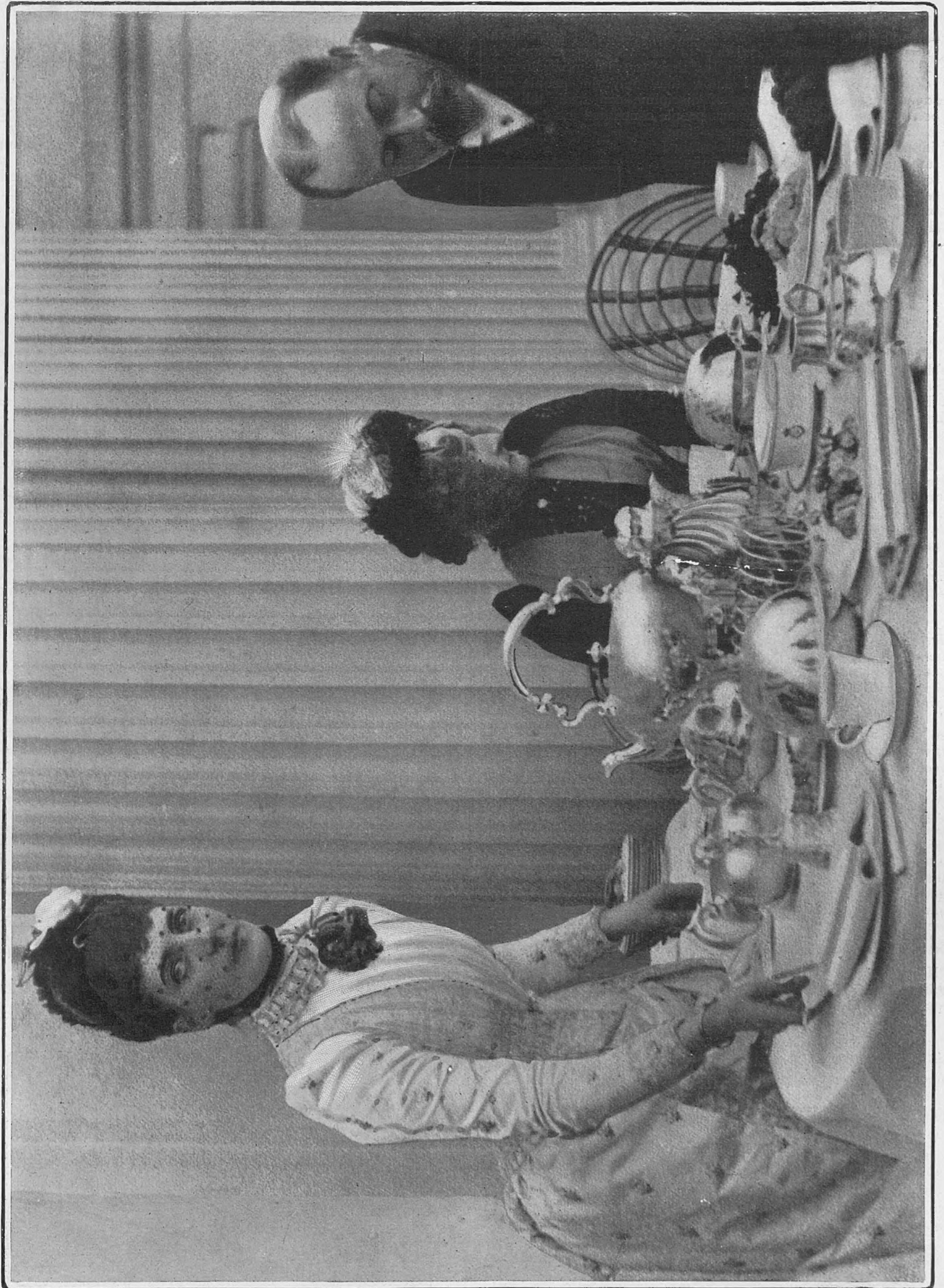
"Since Mrs. Campbell's leaving the Royalty," writes the author of "Green-Room Gossip" in the *Mail*, "no playhouse has written Art

'et præterea nihil' on its banners." This curious sentence, I imagine, is the result of overweening pride in a newly acquired "Book of Latin Phrases," for it is hard to see why any theatrical manager should write anything of the sort on his banner. "To successfully face" and "more mundane" are pretty little trinkets from the same case of jewels. By the way, I do not pretend to the knowledge of the theatrical paragraphist, but I cannot agree with this writer that "no new play of Mr. Haddon Chambers has been seen in London since his beautiful comedy, 'The Tyranny of Tears.'" I think I am right in stating that a play by Mr. Haddon Chambers, called "The Awakening," was produced at the St. James's Theatre some time after the production of "The Tyranny of Tears" at the Criterion. I do not like to think that the author of this column mistook the recent revival of "The Tyranny of Tears" for the first production.

On Monday evening of last week, I had the honour and pleasure of attending a dinner at the Authors' Club given in honour of those distinguished members of the Club, Sir Henry Bergne, Sir Gilbert Parker, and Sir Conan Doyle. The chair was taken by Mr. Rider Haggard, a writer whose stories of South Africa have before now held me literally spellbound. Mr. Rider Haggard made a couple of excellent speeches, but the laurels of the evening fell to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. For here is a man who has made it the rule of his life to be simple in all things—in his work, in his play, in his demeanour, in his ideas. There is nothing subtle, nothing forced, about Conan Doyle. He is just what he might have prayed as a boy to become—a straightforward, honest English gentleman. And his speech-making is modelled on the same lines, no matter whether he happens to be talking of a mere Knighthood or the honour of the British Army. I agree with him that the time is past when people may look upon a literary man as a mere dreamer. Your literary man, of course, is more prone to soar into the upper stratas than your tailor or your pork-butcher; but he is finding out, by degrees, the value of mental ability combined with shrewd common-sense. When he shall have overcome his diffidence, and ceased to rebuke himself for presuming to have a soul below whispering breezes and the making of love, he will certainly be a man to be reckoned with and, perhaps, to be conciliated.

Before I forget it, I want to record the fact that I have made a valuable discovery. It happened in this way. A week-end or so ago, I found that it would be necessary for me to rise at seven o'clock in the morning if I wished to be at work in town by ten o'clock, my usual hour. I will not pretend that, even overnight, I was enchanted with the idea. In the morning, I feel sure that there was no possible doubt in the mind of the courageous person who called me that I was a hopeless sluggard. However, in the end, I arose peevishly, bathed pettishly, dressed sullenly, ate my breakfast savagely, and set out for the station in a thoroughly barbaric frame of mind. Then it was, gentle friends, that I made my great discovery, for, as I pedalled along through the fresh, exhilarating morning air, it was gradually borne in upon me that the first hours of an English summer day are more than worthy of all the sticky adjectives that have been gummed on to them by heavy-fingered poetasters. In short, I think it extremely likely that I may be induced, ere long, to place myself in such a position that I shall be forced to repeat the experience. I do not care to pledge myself deeper than that, because I come of a stock that has always required a great deal of sleep in the morning hours.

Chicot



A ROYAL BREAKFAST: FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KING AND QUEEN ON THEIR YACHT.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Sandhurst Cadets—"Ragging" at Windsor—My Experience—The "Pilgrims."

I AM not going to write from any partisan point of view of the scrape of the Sandhurst cadets or of the Windsor incident. As an old soldier who was in his time as wild a subaltern as any of the boys are now, I know that only the people who investigate on the spot breaches of discipline can really tell what has occurred and how far the various people concerned are to blame. When I heard that Lord Roberts was himself investigating the case of each cadet, I felt sure that justice would be done and that the scales would dip very much to the side of mercy, if possible, for there is no more thoroughly human and kind-hearted Commander in the world than "Bobs," and he never forgets that he himself was a cadet and entered into all the fun of the other boys when he joined the great Artillery Mess at Dum-Dum as a very young Gunner.

I see that the Windsor incident is alluded to as the "ragging" of a subaltern by his brother officers, and this introduction of an Oxford term probably denotes the schoolboy character of the whole affair. We used to call it "packing-up" in my old corps. I, as most subalterns did, underwent the process. To show how comparatively harmless these "packings-up" are, I will set down my case just as it occurred, and I think it can be taken as an example of what happens in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. I joined my old regiment as a boy of seventeen, having obtained a direct commission, having passed very high on the list and being quite conscious of the fact, and having gone through two delightful months ordering my uniform and receiving feminine attentions.

I joined, the Adjutant took me under his wing, and I was helped here and helped there by all the officers, and told what to do and what not to do. My lavender kid gloves, which I had bought thinking that they would do nicely to wear in full uniform, were put up the ante-room chimney, and, having been lured on to draw my sword in the mess, I was fined champagne, according to immemorial custom; but, though I was rather an unlicked cub, no harm was done to me. My own conceit, however, brought my downfall. One of the subalterns had been tried by "ante-room court-martial," his offence being that he had half-a-dozen initials before his surname and that he on some particular occasion had shown aristocratic pride. What his punishment was I forget—I think "Smith" was painted on his bath-tub and other furniture; but his fate set me talking after dinner one guest-night, when I had taken two glasses of the "fine old military ditto" instead of one, and, in the fulness of my heart, I confided to my young fellow-barbarians that I was aware that my admirable conduct and good-fellowship since I had joined had preserved me from any such annoyance. Like Brer Fox, they "lay low" and said nothing.

Next evening, clad in civilian black, I went to a private dance in Dublin, and returned at 3 a.m. to find my room absolutely clear of carpet, bed, and furniture. Something clanged outside the window,

and I threw up the sash. There was a bang and a clash far below as my fire-irons and water-jug, which had been tied to a rope, the end of which was shut in the window, went down to the gravel, three floors below. I was surprised, and wondered if some order to move had suddenly come to the regiment. I knocked up a mess-waiter, asked him to unlock the ante-room door, and slept on the sofa.

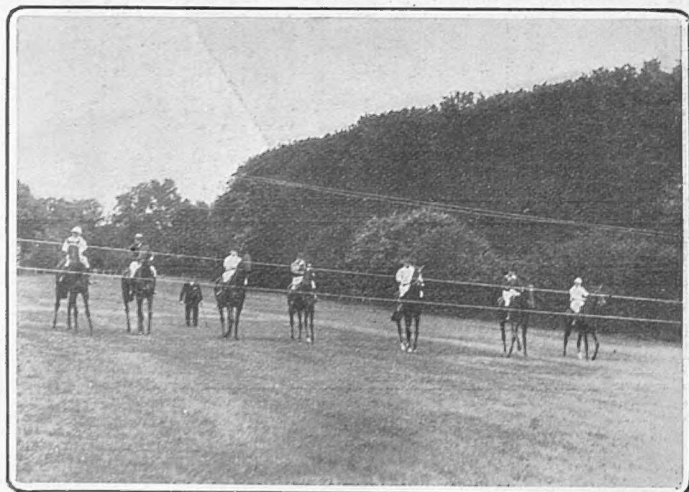
In the morning, Patrick, my old soldier-servant, who had seen scores of subalterns go through the mill, found me standing in my empty room and pointed out to me my furniture heaped on the grass of the big square. Under his tutelage, I sent a message to the Adjutant asking for leave from early parade, on the score of sickness, and gave beer-money to the grinning men of the fatigue party who brought my furniture back to my room. I had enough sense, though as angry as a bear with a sore head, to say nothing to my brother subalterns, who were curious to see how I took my "packing-up," and, in a couple of days, I found that this had its effect and that I was regarded as having passed my initiation satisfactorily. It was the first and last time that I was interfered with; indeed, my persecutors were soon my bosom-friends.

I wish all good luck to that excellent Anglo-American Club organisation, the "Pilgrims," a Club which is to have a home in every town of any importance, and I congratulate Mr. Harry Brittain, the Honorary Secretary, on the tact and energy of the organisers, which have made the scheme a sure success. For the present, headquarters will be established only in London and New York. There will be no Club-house—just yet, at any rate—but rooms will be engaged at the leading hotel of each centre for the purposes of the Association and the convenience of members. Prominent men in public life, science, art, and literature will be entertained, and the "Pilgrim" from England will receive as hearty a welcome in New York as his American *confrère* will in London. The subscription is not to exceed two pounds per annum, and this small payment will

carry membership in each centre established. Lord Roberts, who presided at a recent meeting at the Carlton Hotel, is Hon. President, and the Hon. Vice-Presidents are General Lord Grenfell, K.C.M.G., Senator Chauncey Depew, and Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton. The Executive Committee includes such well-known names as Lord Charles Beresford, Viscount Deerpark, the Archdeacon of London, Governor Woodruffe, of New York, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Lindsay Russell, of New York, Colonel B. T. Mahon, D.S.O., Mr. H. R. Chamberlain, of New York, and Mr. Herbert Ingram. The list of members is already a long one, so only a few names can be mentioned here. Among distinguished Americans occur those of General Joseph Wheeler, Hon. D. M. Dickinson (ex-Postmaster-General), Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, Mr. M. H. de Young (San Francisco), Mr. Frank Munsey, Hon. Jefferson Levy, and Colonel Myron T. Herrick (Cleveland); while the British members include the Bishop of Perth, Lord Strathcona, Sir William Ingram, Sir Douglas Straight, Mr. Henniker-Heaton, Hon. C. S. Rolls, Alderman Truscott, and Mr. Egerton Castle. Seldom has an Association started under happier auspices, and never with a more beneficent purpose or with brighter hopes for the future. The "Pilgrims' first banquet will take place at the beginning of the autumn season.



MR. HARRY BRITTAIN,
HON. SECRETARY AND ONE OF THE ORGANISERS OF THE
"PILGRIMS" ANGLO-AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.



GOODWOOD: THE START FOR THE RICHMOND STAKES, WON BY THE KING'S HORSE, MEAD (SECOND FROM THE RIGHT).



GOODWOOD: MAUVEZIN, WINNER OF THE STEWARDS' CUP, COMING BACK TO SCALE.



H.R.H. PRINCESS MAUD (PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK).

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

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 Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., 55, Great Tower Street, E.C., or the Continental
 Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Coronation Processions.

The air is full of Coronation talk, both small and great. It has been suggested, with great good sense, that His Majesty might considerably curtail the fatigue entailed by the Procession if he entered the Abbey through the Deanery. The nave is a hundred and fifty-four feet long, and the taking part in any procession is always fatiguing. The Royal Procession will leave Buckingham Palace considerably later than would have been the case on June 26, but the general effect will

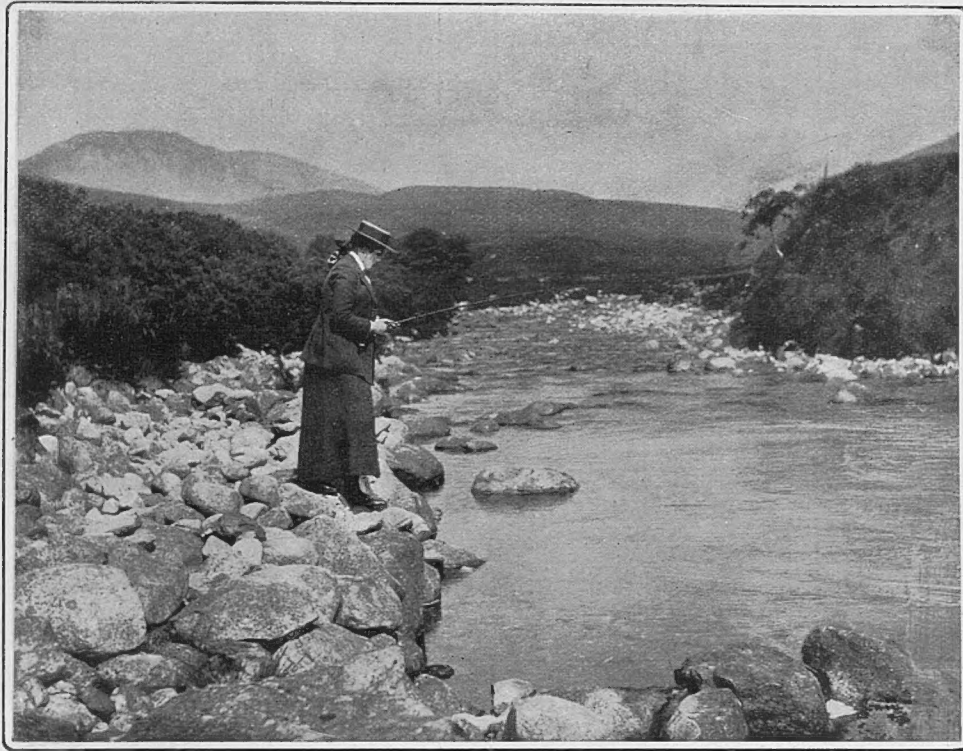
Royal gift, and, naturally, this regal present occupied the place of honour among the beautiful collection of jewels, which included a splendid diamond necklace from Mrs. Hartmann and a jewelled umbrella-handle from the Grand Duke Vladimir. The smart wedding of last week in London was that of Miss Sylvia Hunter and Mr. Grant Lawson, M.P., which was celebrated, as are now all political marriages, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride, who has been immortalised by Mr. Sargent—she is the centre figure in his group-portrait of the Miss Hunters, exhibited in this year's Academy—has inherited her mother's charm of manner.

Mr. Carnegie's Generosity.

One of the latest recipients of Mr. Carnegie's generosity in the matter of Free Libraries is Maidenhead, which benefits to the extent of five thousand pounds, an Alderman of the Corporation having given an additional thousand to purchase a site. Mr. Carnegie quite recently gave Eastbourne ten thousand pounds for the same purpose, and it is said that he is prepared to give a Free Library to any town unprovided with such an institution, on condition that the local authority asks for it, provides a site, and guarantees its maintenance in perpetuity. Mr. Carnegie's generosity has had no parallel in the past; but one can hardly help a feeling akin to shame when one reads that wealthy English towns which have hitherto rejected the Free Library scheme now so eagerly avail themselves of his liberality. Mr. Carnegie is said to have distributed more than thirteen millions for educational institutions and Free Libraries, and he is prepared to do much more in this direction. All honour to him, therefore; but one can scarcely echo the sentiment with reference to the local authorities who are continually clamouring for more.

Finishing Up the War.

Although the War is now, happily, a thing of the past, Viscount Kitchener has lately been one of the busiest men in London, for in a sort of miniature War Office in West Halkin Street he was engaged, with the aid of a staff of clerks, in clearing up the arrears in details that had necessarily accumulated. Whenever he ventures abroad, he is immediately recognised, and he has sometimes to rely on his strategical genius to evade the well-meant attentions of his admiring fellow-countrymen. After the Coronation, his Lordship's many engagements will include a visit to Scotland, where he will make his headquarters with the Sirdar and Lady Wingate at Stafford House, Dunbar, and during his stay will receive the Freedom of the Burgh.



TROUT-FISHING IN SCOTLAND: LADY MARY DOUGLAS-HAMILTON.

Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.

be even more splendid than it would have been on the previous occasion, for the Sovereign will be accompanied by a much larger mounted escort immediately preceding the State-coach in which His Majesty, the Queen, and Princess Victoria will drive alone.

Coronation Parties. For the next few days, London enjoys a brilliant revival of the Season, for it is well known that the King will view with displeasure those Peers and Peeresses who, without very good cause, absent themselves from the Coronation ceremony. Among Coronation hosts and hostesses may be specially mentioned the Duke of Cambridge, who will entertain a very large party at Gloucester House, Lord Glenesk, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mrs. Charles Wilson, and Lord and Lady Londonderry. All the Royalties will be in town during the next few days, and, of course, their respective suites and households form quite an important social circle in themselves.

A Youthful Fisherwoman.

Among the fair fisherwomen who never miss an opportunity of thrashing the Scottish trout-streams, one of the most skilful is Lady Mary Hamilton, the young daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, and the grand-daughter of the Duchess of Devonshire. Lady Mary has inherited her mother's love of outdoor life and the Duchess's pluck as a horsewoman. She loves to be in Scotland, leading a simple, outdoor life among her own people. Lady Mary will probably make her debut next year. She is one of a charming group of cousins which includes the Ladies Acheson.

Two Smart Weddings.

The marriage of Mdlle. de Jaucourt, Mrs. Hartmann's pretty niece, to Prince Gustave de Biron de Courlande, has aroused much interest in English Society, where the bride is well known. King Edward sent the young Princess-elect a very lovely pearl necklace, a rather unusual



TROUT-FISHING IN SCOTLAND: A PRETTY SPOT ON THE RIVER ALINE, ARGYLLSHIRE.

Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.

A Fair Irish Sportswoman.

Mrs. Love is one of the keenest and most popular of Irish sportswomen. In a country where it is the exception to meet a girl or matron who cannot ride to hounds, Mrs. Love is famed for her witching horsemanship. Like all really good riders, she wears the simplest and neatest of riding-gear, and looks with scant favour on all proposals to add picturesque grace to what should be, above all things, a workmanlike costume.

A Royal House-Party.

Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox have just had the honour of entertaining a Royal house-party, their guests having been bidden to meet the Duke of Connaught, who is paying a series of visits during the absence of the Duchess at Bagnioles de l'Orne. Broughton Castle, the beautiful historic home of Lord Saye and Sele, is noted for the loveliness of its gardens, especially the Moat Garden, to which many notable additions have been made by Lady Algernon, who is almost as clever an amateur gardener as is her sister, Lady Warwick. Yet another taste the two lovely daughters of the last Lord Maynard have always shared in common is a great liking for all living things. Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox is devoted to dogs and horses, and she has always been an enthusiastic sportswoman.

Society and the Coronation Season.

Lady Beatrice Polé-Carew is famed not only as the wife of the popular General whose name she bears, but as the daughter of Lord Ormonde, Commodore of the "R.Y.S.," and both she and her sister, Lady Constance Butler, are as much at home on the sea as they are on land. Since they were quite children, they have accompanied their parents, Lord and Lady Ormonde, on many long yachting cruises. Lady Beatrice, who is, through her mother, a first-cousin of the present Duke of Westminster, was said to be the most beautiful woman present at the marriage of Lady Lettice Grosvenor and Lord Beauchamp. She has inherited much of the stately loveliness of her grandmother, the first Duchess of Westminster, and at the present time she is the most popular of the younger matrons in Society.

At the present moment, there are in Society two beautiful and distinguished women who have the right to bear the historic name of Lady De L'Isle and Dudley. The reigning Peeress is the bride of the good-looking owner of Penshurst Place, that most stately of stately English homes, where the newly wedded Peer and his bride lately received a true old English welcome, entertaining on their side all their neighbours, gentle and simple, with a large-hearted hospitality rarely seen in these days. Emily Frances, Lady De L'Isle and Dudley, was married to the second Baron only nine years ago, and nothing about her recalls a Dowager. Though rumours of

her re-mariage have been rife, she has not yet seemed inclined to follow the example set her lately by so many widowed Peeresses.

Lady Hardinge was before her marriage Miss Alexandra Ellis, the daughter of one of His Majesty's old and most valued friends and servants, Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis. Accordingly, she spent much of her childhood and youth in intimate friendship with the then Princess of Wales. The marriage of Miss "Duckie" Ellis, as she was known to a large circle of friends, to the distinguished diplomat whose name she now bears took place some three years ago. At the present moment, Sir Arthur Hardinge naturally comes to the front, as it is probably owing to his successful diplomacy that the Shah is about to pay his long-promised visit to this country. Lady Hardinge, whose pretty, tactful manners are noted, is admirably suited to be the wife of a great diplomat.

Lady Howard de Walden, the youthful-looking mother of the greatest *parti* in Society, has taken the leading place among Coronation Season hostesses, for she acts as mistress to one of the most delightful of old-world London mansions, Seaford House, which looks more like a country house than a Belgravian dwelling. Lady Howard de Walden had an anxious moment to go through, for after her son succeeded to the title he served in South Africa, greatly distinguishing himself. During his absence, his mother took a keen interest in the welfare of the soldiers' wives and children.

The Royal Aquarium.

There will be few to regret the disappearance of the Royal Aquarium, which was never a prominent addition to the gaiety of London, except so far as its advertisements went. It may not be generally known that there was talk of its sale some few years ago to the London County Council. At the time when the inadequacy of the offices at Spring Gardens was first appreciated, favourable sites were discussed at great length, and by some members of the Council the value of the Royal Aquarium site was duly recognised. Whether the matter ever developed to the stage

of official negotiations, I am unable to say, but many shareholders in the Aquarium would have welcomed a sale to a body capable of paying as handsomely as the "L.C.C." could if it chose to. Management of the Royal Aquarium must have been an ungrateful task, and credit is due to Mr. Ritchie for brightening the accustomed monotony by the introduction of flower-shows that were a great and well-deserved success.

The Royal Aquarium, as a place of entertainment, was alone in London; it may be hoped that no imitations will spring up. Its most popular "turns" were often attended with grave risk to the life or limbs of the performers, and shows of this kind are inevitably demoralising.



MRS. LOVE, A KEEN IRISH SPORTSWOMAN.
Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.



LADY ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX AND HER DOGS.
Photograph by Fall, Baker Street, W.

SOCIETY AND THE CORONATION SEASON: SOME POPULAR HOSTESSES.



LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN.



LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW.



LADY DE L'ISLE.



LADY HARDINGE.

Photographs by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

The Coronation Coves.

Owing to the fact that His Majesty made up his mind to remain until the last moment on the *Victoria and Albert*, the Coronation Coves lost none of its brilliancy; indeed, many well-known yachtsmen and yachtswomen made a point of spending this week on the Solent or at Cowes, and the Castle gardens have never been more crowded with fair women and brave men than these last few days. The Isle of Wight has indeed had reason to bless the Sovereign's visit. Towards the end of June, things did not look well for Cowes, and even some of the most enthusiastic yachtsmen and members of the Royal Yacht Squadron made up their minds, in view of an August Coronation, that there would be very little, if any, yachting for them this year. Now, however, the King has set the example, and Cowes is emphatically herself again—the more so that both last year and the year before Court mourning naturally shadowed the great water-festival of the year.

A Ducal Home: Woburn Abbey.

Woburn Abbey is one of the stateliest of the stately homes of England, and yet it is rarely mentioned with the same enthusiasm as are other ducal estates. Still, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford are there for a considerable portion of each year, and it is there that they keep their wonderful collection of animals, forming one of the finest private

town of Lugano the style is quite Italian, the narrow, granite-paved streets and colonnaded houses almost meeting overhead. The bright-coloured headgear of the women and the clatter of the wooden sandals, the shops and the odours, are also Italian, though the place is really in Switzerland, and on the lake-front are the most modern palatial hotels, pleasure-gardens, theatres, cafés, and a broad, tree-planted quay. It is situated in the midst of the Lake District, and both Como and Maggiore are within a couple of hours by boat and train, so that for sightseers Lugano is, perhaps, the most favourably situated spot.

The Jaded Parliament.

Members of the House of Commons are in need of their holiday. Whether they deserve it I shall not say. They have certainly talked a great deal and they have sat nearly a month longer than usual in the quiet times, as they began in January instead of February. Although the House meets an hour earlier and has a fixed time-table with a limited number of minutes for questions, it cannot be said that the new rules have realised expectation. Sir William Harcourt, on being asked by a friend what he thought of the rules, said sarcastically that their result was an Autumn Session. The Government have, perhaps, attempted too much this year. Anyhow, members are annoyed by the necessity of returning to St. Stephen's in October.



WOBURN ABBEY, THE COUNTRY HOME OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

"Zoos" in the world. Every kind of domesticated creature is to be seen there in its rarer form, notably cats—indeed, the Duchess is specially devoted to Siamese pussies; while her marvellous gift of taming wild animals is often displayed very strikingly at Woburn, especially among the shy deer. Royal personages have often been entertained at this ducal residence, and it is probable that the Prince and Princess of Wales may spend there a few days during the course of the next six months.

The Season on the Italian Lakes.

When the season on the Italian Lakes is in full swing, the usual resorts are filled with a very mixed throng of all nationalities. After the season in the Engadine, Davos, and other Alpine winter resorts, it is becoming quite the fashion to spend a few weeks on the lakes, and such places as Ragaz, Thusis, Lucerne, and others which, a few years ago, had always a good spring season are now comparatively deserted. Lugano has many attractions. The lake on which it is situated, though not, perhaps, so grand as that of Como, yet, wandering as it does amongst the mountains, with many little branches and bays, offers much to painters, photographers, and lovers of Nature. The wild, rugged scenery and luxurious gardens and Italian villas stand in strange contrast. The little, old villages built right on the water's edge are most picturesque. Gaudria, Caprino, San Marmetta, Morcote, and a dozen others well repay a visit by boat. In the old

A Controversial Bill.

The short recess will be spent by eager Radicals in organising resistance to the Education Bill. This measure has aroused the strongest passions in the House of Commons. The longer it has been discussed, the more bitterly it has been attacked, and any attempt to force the pace has provoked reprisals. Opponents of the measure will return to the fight in October invigorated and encouraged. They intend to prevent the Bill from being carried except by stringent gagging measures, and these, in the opinion of the Radicals, will strengthen the disposition of Nonconformists to refuse to pay rates for denominational schools.

Mr. Bryce as a Leader.

Mr. Bryce has been very industrious and persistent as leader of the opposition against the Education Bill. He is too academic to be a model Parliamentarian, and he is also too uncompromising as a Party man. Yet he knows the subject so well that he has added to his reputation by his conduct in the case of this very debatable Bill. It is a pity he does not take more pains with his speeches. He stands at the table and pours forth words without style, without rhetorical ornament, without any effectiveness in delivery. In knowledge and ideas few members can surpass Mr. Bryce, but as a speaker he is easily excelled. The Autumn Session will interfere with his hobby. He is a great traveller and usually visits distant scenes in the recess, but this year he cannot go away for more than two months.

ROYAL COWES: TYPICAL VIEWS APROPOS OF THE REGATTA.



THE PARADE, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT. DURING REGATTA WEEK.



ENTRANCE TO THE SQUADRON CLUB, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Photographs by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Holbein as a Swimmer.

By way of preliminary to his swim across the Channel, Holbein essayed to lower the record created by ill-fated Captain Webb for the swim between Dover and Ramsgate, a distance of twenty miles if a direct course could be followed, but probably not less than five-and-twenty



MR. MONTAGUE HOLBEIN.

allowing for the deviation caused by contrary tides and currents. The swimmer failed by some four miles, the bad weather and the racing tide against him making any attempt to reach Ramsgate futile. He refused, however, to leave the water until he had swum back to Deal, and so completed the exact distance between the coasts of England and France. Had the conditions remained favourable, there is no doubt that he would have beaten the existing time of eight and three-quarter hours by over two hours and a-quarter. Profiting by the experience gained last year, when his plucky attempt to swim the Channel came so near accomplishment, Mr. Holbein is well rubbed with oil before entering the water, and, to obviate injury to his eyes from the salt, wears a mask of American sticking-plaster, with glass goggles. His physique and power of endurance are little short of wonderful, and his only fear is the arising of a sudden storm. For sustenance he relies mainly on liquid beef-essence, varied by an occasional sandwich, supplied to him by his companions in the accompanying boat.

The Right Flags. At the time of the postponed Coronation, it was noticed that the flags with which the streets were decorated were very mixed, and that all sorts of flags that had no significance whatever were hung out by private persons. In the interval, a good deal of criticism has been levelled at the senseless habit of decorating with the emblems of more or less unfriendly nations, and it is probable that the Danish flag will be largely used out of compliment to Queen Alexandra. The Japanese flag will also be seen everywhere, for some enterprising manufacturer has seized the opportunity, and now the Japanese crimson sun on a white ground is as easy to buy as a few weeks ago it was difficult. This it as it should be. Japan is our only official ally, and it will be a graceful act to show our friends that they are not forgotten on the occasion of the King's Coronation; while as for our good friends the Danes, we should be sadly wanting in tact and good taste did we omit to give their emblem a most prominent place in our scheme of street-decoration.



HOLBEIN SWIMMING: THE BACK STROKE AT FULL EXTENSION.

Photographs by Campbell, The Press Studio, Creed Lane, E.C.

The Wheat Harvest.

The people who have been rushing out of London in such numbers during the past few weeks have had the opportunity of seeing how greatly the harvest has been retarded by the recent cold weather. In some places, the hay was not even in last week, whereas the state of the wheat crop shows that very little will be cut before the first week in August. Last year, the corn was cut about the middle of July, and the harvest would have been quite as early this year had not the spell of cold and wet in July thrown everything back. All the same, the harvest will probably be a good one, and, if the corn is cut this week and the weather holds up, it will be garnered in most favourable circumstances.

In Memory of George Steevens.

I see that the George Steevens Memorial Scholarship is now established at the City of London School, and that a systematic attempt is to be made to teach journalism thoroughly in all its branches, from verbatim reporting to leader-writing. The most successful pupil will be able to get prompt and practical benefit from his scholarship, for it is proposed to send him on a tour round the world. He who has the rather rare gift of seeing things accurately will, doubtless, benefit largely, and it is not too soon to place journalism on a sound professional basis. Lecturers of experience and repute will teach the young idea how to manage war-correspondence, book-reviewing, and the other duties imposed upon the all-round man. The youthful journalist is with us already; it is no bad idea to educate him. When he is better informed, he will be less exuberant and, perhaps, anxious to separate the wheat of fact from the chaff of rumour, but only the most popular forms of journalism will suffer from these developments. At the same time, the best journalistic work will continue to be done by the man who has been through the journalistic workshop, fighting hard against time.

A School of Journalism. Some people will remember the School of Journalism that flourished some dozen years ago less than a hundred miles from Fleet Street and was presided over by a gentleman of charming manners who had been on the editorial staff of one of our greatest dailies. For some time, the promising pupils, who paid a hundred guineas for a year's tuition, produced a real live weekly paper. Unfortunately, the journal, which was devoted to the greatest domestic problem, did not survive. The publisher thought the contributors killed it; the contributors thought the publisher was at fault; but, whatever the cause, there was no question about the result. After the paper died, the school did not thrive, though its sapient proprietor was fully convinced that he could teach pupils without the journal's help. He was a delightful man, full of anecdote. I have heard pupils complain that there was too much anecdote in the lessons, one going so far as to compare the anecdote to the sack in Falstaff's famous bill, and the teaching to the bread. Well, the master has gone the way of all flesh, and his pupils have gone north, south, east, and west, not without success. The fifteen shillings per term to be charged by the City of London School authorities compares favourably with the hundred guineas that were paid at the School of Journalism, and I think the teaching will not be less thorough.

Canada and "Corners."

The great American plutocrats who corner wheat and other cereals are not to be blamed in view of the facts put before the House of Lords by the Earl of Onslow a few days ago. If these facts are entirely reliable—and there is no great reason to doubt them—Western Canada will yield sufficient corn in a few years to deprive American plutocrats of their power to corner any of our food-supply. As the land has come under cultivation, it has developed an extraordinary degree of fertility, and the wheat crop bids fair to rival the best American harvest. While our post-offices teem with notices that farms of one hundred and sixty acres will be given free to suitable emigrants, Englishmen have been content to leave the country alone, or to patronise it on a very small scale. American farmers, on the other hand, have come forward in crowds. In 1897 there were nine thousand settlers from the States, and in the first half of 1902 there were no fewer than twenty-four thousand—a progression that speaks volumes for the country. The American exodus becomes particularly interesting when one remembers Professor Goldwin Smith's often-expressed opinion that Canada must belong eventually to the United States.

The forthcoming volume of Darwin's letters will, it is said, contain lengthy correspondence with Professor Asy Gray, the Botanist of Harvard University.



HOLBEIN SWIMMING: THE BREAST STROKE.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

The English Invasion.

I was talking to the *chef* at one of the most famous restaurants in the world (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*), and he said, somewhat bitterly, "These English dishes—rosbif, biftek, rospork, roomstek—are ruining the old French cuisine!" I inquired with a look, and he continued, "Do you know that the *grenouille* and the *escargot* are no longer asked for in the fashionable—and particularly sporting—restaurant?" So that England, with the humble beef-steak, has ousted the schoolboy's appreciation of France—frogs and snails.

Conservatoire Crisis.

The deplorable, the perfectly deplorable, results of the Conservatoire examinations are causing bitter comment. When Carré, of the Opéra-Comique, says frankly, "France can still write music for the world, but she cannot produce singers," it is ominous. The theatrical managers are equally despondent as to finding new talent, and it is significant at this period of the year, when theatrical news is very thin, that the bulk of the items is made up of the renewal of contracts by well-known favourites. The value of a Gold Medal at the Conservatoire is about equivalent to a Jubilee Medal for school-children. I am not exaggerating in the least. Let any reader of *The Sketch* glance at the programme of the free *Tzigane* concerts in the brasseries. He will see that nearly every performer has secured high honours. Till two or three months ago, the poor fellows had to submit to the ignominy of going round with a plate and cadging for pennies. A petition was sent to the Prefect of Police, and he declared that it came to begging in a public place, and stopped it. And of such is the Conservatoire of Paris, with all its glories.

Lepine and Kitchener.

It may interest his Lordship to know that the Paris Prefect of Police adopted his "driving" tactics at the Clerical demonstration in the Place de la Concorde. The component parts of the huge crowd were extraordinary. There were Duchesses, in landaus, belonging to the Christian League; there were indignant mothers pulling along their little ones to cheer the Sisters; there were shaggy Revolutionists, noisy Socialists, and Catholics and Atheists check by jowl. In all former riots, Lepine diverted the traffic. He knew that every omnibus was filled with demonstrators, and he sent them up by-streets. This time he adopted Kitchener's driving tactics, and kept them on the run and move. The omnibuses charged, the cabmen commented themselves blue from their boxes, and all the time the police were moving about in fan-like form. Kitchener's tactics were a complete success. M. Combes, the Premier, is about the most remarkable man in French history. Six months ago, his name was unknown, and there was a roar of laughter by his opponents when it was known that he had accepted the formation of a Cabinet. As a matter of fact, he has proved himself a Napoleon Joseph Chamberlain. When I saw him at the Grand Prix, he was sitting back in a closed carriage, and neither solicited nor acknowledged cheers in his honour. He might have been cut in marble.

Latest Sporting Fad.

The old English rat-pit is the latest Parisian craze. It is not hidden away in the cellar of a disreputable mastroquet, but flourishes in all its pride at the Châlet du Cycle, one of the most fashionable rendezvous in the Bois de Boulogne. The results of the day's sport are duly recorded, and there is heavy betting at the present moment over two dogs who killed thirty-five in identical time and who are to be matched early in August. For years there has been a Cock-fighting Club near the Odéon, and the membership is as aristocratic as that of the Jockey or the Escrime. Speaking of rats—although it may be argued that it is not the liveliest subject to harp upon—a barbarous custom prevails at the Halles. At the opening of the wine-shop, the patron goes to the cellars and brings up the trap with its victims in it. Following the

traditional rite, he opens a bottle of the vilest cognac, pours it out, and sets fire to them. It is a ghastly sight, but I am sorry to say that I have seen men and women in evening-dress who have supped late at Barratt's looking on applauding.

As Others See Us.

Brasseur, on his return after his Capus season in London, is simply enthusiastic over the London audience and the Press, and is almost counting the hours till his visit next season. He sees in the London theatre all that is model; the subdued luxury astounded him. But what delighted the famous comedian most of all was that, from the moment he put his foot on English soil, his brother Anglo actors treated him with such hospitality that he hesitated to believe that he had not known every one of them all his life.

Dumas and Dieppe.

Dieppe has now a street called after Alexandre Dumas père, which is only right considering that the great romancer was born on the Normandy coast and died at Puy, the little village which is almost a suburb of Dieppe. One of the things which they do better in France is the honouring of literary men, who are recognised as conferring lustre upon the places in which they lived and wrote. Dieppe has been devoting two days to celebrating the centenary of Dumas' birth, and Marseilles, which for many people is chiefly famous as the place in which the Count of Monte Cristo was born and near which he made his famous escape from prison sewn up in a sack, is going to devote three days to celebrating its connection with the famous writer. Madame Dumas junior and the other representatives of the family have been the honoured guests at these festivities, and the Government, as well as the local authorities, have done their best to make the whole thing a success.



MIDDLE. ODETTE DULAC, WHO CONCLUDED AN ENGAGEMENT AT THE EMPIRE LAST WEEK.

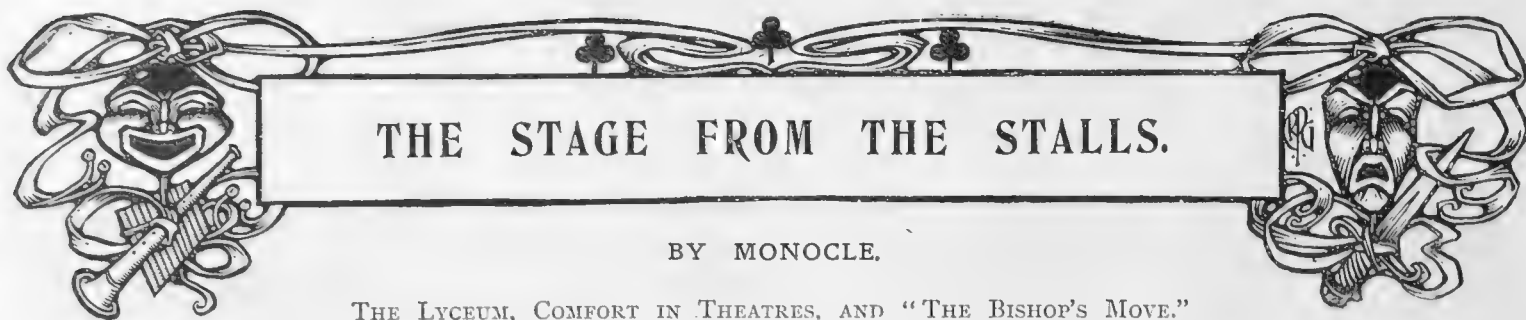
Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

Italy and France. I am surprised to see how little comment is aroused in the responsible section of the London Press by the unfamiliar attitude of Italy towards France and Russia. In the past few months there has been a very big change in the Italian official feeling towards this country, and, in consequence of that change, there is some danger of an alteration in the balance of power in the Mediterranean. The facts are not far to seek. France is extending her influence in Morocco on the west and Tunisia on the east of her great Algerian Empire, and, when she moved to the west, Italy, through Signor

Malmusi, her skilful Ambassador to the Moorish Court, made so much trouble that the need of a better understanding with Italy became apparent to the French Government. Accordingly, Italy was approached and told that her designs upon Tripoli would meet with no opposition from France. For some time the fate of Tripoli hung in the balance, and it was likely that it would be taken by Italy *vi et armis*. Now Tripoli is under Turkish suzerainty, and the Sultan appealed to Great Britain. Thereafter, Italy was informed that this country would not look with friendly eyes upon any alteration in the Mediterranean *status quo*. So the section of Italian politicians that wants colonial expansion, and forgets that, apart from glory, Tripoli isn't worth accepting as a gift, has become mildly Anglophobe. It is an interesting political situation.

Foreign Office Policy?

On his recent visit to Africa, Lord Wolseley is reported to have said that, sooner or later, the north-west corner of the great continent would involve us in a war fraught with more responsibility and far-reaching consequences than the South African struggle just brought to an end. It would be interesting to discover the exact policy pursued by our Foreign Office to counteract the encroachments of interested Powers, for, while French and Italian movements can be plainly followed, and even Russia takes a hand in the game, the British attitude puzzles every observer. Is it very subtle or is nothing at all being done?



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

THE LYCEUM, COMFORT IN THEATRES, AND "THE BISHOP'S MOVE."

IT seems uncertain whether, before these phrases appear in print, the fate of the Lyceum Theatre will be determined. It may be that never again we shall be welcomed by Mr. Bram Stoker—on the staircase to the classic house—or receive absolutely illegible communications from him concerning this home of the drama. Perhaps those lights have glared for the last time opposite the *Morning Post*, and the future will see a music-hall or collection of shops at the north-west corner of the place where Wellington Street rushes down into the Strand. The thought is sad, and yet I must say that for many years I have never come out from the Lyceum Theatre without a shudder. The risk of being crushed to death or burnt to death, however small, seems out of proportion to the pleasure, however great, from a theatrical performance. A fire during a first-night at the Lyceum would have driven the journalists of London frantic in their efforts to get out obituary notices; my withers would have been unwrung, since I have a fantastic dislike to doing such "copy." For the Lyceum first-night has always brought together a wonderful collection of notables in every branch of art, and the learned professions have been richly represented. What would have happened with the people from the stalls, dress-circle, and upper boxes struggling at different angles to get across the little landing to the staircase is too horrible for imaginative description. Why the powers that be, and ought not, have permitted such a death-trap to exist for many years one cannot guess.

What a quaint coincidence that the disappearance of the Westminster Aquarium and the Lyceum Theatre should have become matters of moment during the same week. One hardly feared fire at the Summer and Winter Gardens, since there was very little that would burn, although, some years ago, the righteous fancied that fire would come down from Heaven to destroy the place, which, at one time, had most honourable pretensions to be quite an important and agreeable element in social life. It is difficult to guess why the authorities allowed the public for years to run such a risk at the Lyceum, and one knows quite well that, if there had been a fire, the verdict of the Coroners' Jury would have been accompanied by a vigorous rider. Of course, the Lyceum was not the only unsafe theatre, but it is courting writs to speak of the other houses in which there would be an awful catastrophe if a fire took place. Representations have been made to the authorities concerning each of them, and fruitlessly.

If, and there is some hope, a new Lyceum is built, there are many little matters that should be attended to. For instance, there is the question of seats in the stalls. The boundary between the pit and the stalls fluctuates very swiftly. You may occupy a seat *x* feet one night from the stage, and proudly feel that you are in a *stalle d'orchestre*, and the next night the same seat—still *x* feet from the footlights—will land you several rows back in the pit. Some seek stalls, no doubt, from snobbishness, some from vain desire for comfort, but the majority because they can see and hear better twenty-five than, say, thirty-five feet from the footlights. Nearness to the boards is supposed to distinguish stall seats from pit. What a fraud, then, that one night a given seat should be a stall at ten-and-sixpence, and, the next, pit at half-a-crown! Moreover, in some theatres there are seats from which a good deal of the stage is invisible. Quite recently, a critic stated, in his article on a play, that he spoke with hesitation, fearing lest he might have been prejudiced against the piece by his annoyance at being unable to see several important scenes and uncertain what happened during them. Of course, people who take boxes know that, from all but two or three, you must get a bad view of the stage—and a good one of the wings. From a box on the "O.P." side, you can generally watch the prompter and observe much that is supposed to be unseen, whilst the exits on the Prompt side are hidden. People, however, who take stalls hardly expect to be in such a plight. Furthermore, there certainly should be a gangway down the centre of the stalls and reasonable room between the rows, so that people can get to their places without discomfort to themselves and annoyance to others. Some people appear to think that it is wicked to leave one's place during an *entr'acte*; certainly it may not be very gallant to leave a lady who may be your companion alone, but why should it be impossible for her to go out? If there is to be a wait of a quarter-of-an-hour, is the fact that a Manager is anxious to get as many people as possible into a limited space a reason why you should be compelled to sit still whilst the curtain is down, and a band, often mediocre, is playing music you have already heard *ad nauseam*? Many people suffer physically from sitting still, with insufficient space even to stretch their limbs, for three hours or so at a time. Why should people in search

of pleasure be put to such needless physical discomfort? I believe that in the long run it would pay a Manager to give us a comfortable theatre; I am sure all Managers should be forced to do so. There would be nothing unreasonably "grandmotherly" in compelling Managers to provide proper gangways, to give reasonable space between the rows of seats, and to arrange the places so that everyone has a fair view of the stage. Safety demands two out of three of these matters, for it takes quite a long time in most theatres to get from a centre seat to the passages leading to the exits—quite long enough in case of a fire to make the difference between safety and—The County Council should insist on these points, and have power, after once determining a seating scheme, to punish heavily any unauthorised departure from it. It is idle to say that this is needless interference and that the public can stay away if it likes. Of course, some can, and do, stay away, and I have heard people say that they rarely go to the theatre, because few pieces are worth the needless discomfort involved. The rebuilding of the Lyceum, if it is rebuilt, would present a capital opportunity for carrying out these ideas; for the famous playhouse was quite a model of discomfort on a first-night. It must be remembered that these things really count. Many plays hover between success and failure, and the element of discomfort will so far affect the feelings of the audience as to turn the scale. Of course, Managers are always hoping for the big success, which, when it comes, would crowd the house if the audience had to suffer something like physical torture. In the long run, however, the fate of the Management is not determined by the big successes. I am speaking, of course, of the houses where legitimate drama is played, because the phenomena connected with the vogue of musical comedy are too bewildering to be reasoned about. Why one dull piece with common music succeeds and another, no worse, fails, why a clever work with pretty music comes to grief whilst a work of like class triumphs over its stupidity and the feebleness of its music, are things that even Solomon could not have explained.

I am very curious as to the fate of "The Bishop's Move," revived last week at the Garrick after a "run" in June intentionally limited to one night. It was thought that the original production was for the purpose of getting the opinion, and possibly even advice, of the critics, but now one sees that this idea was ill-founded, for the advice has not been taken and the opinions have been ignored. Consequently, we seem to have a case of something like an appeal to the public from the comparatively unfavourable verdict of the critics—comparatively unfavourable, since some, at least, like myself, expressed the opinion that there was a good deal of clever and pretty writing in the play, if less than promised by the names of the dramatists—"John Oliver Hobbes" and Murray Carson—and that the comedy opened with a charming first Act, which suggested an interesting possibility of a successful comedy either of character or intrigue. A second visit by no means renders my opinion more enthusiastic, for the good qualities of the play lie on the surface and are easily appreciated at first sight, and the defects are no less obvious. One can hardly blame the dramatists for their courage in writing a piece with so slight a plot, since some brilliant comedies have been quite as invertebrate, and Mrs. Craigie's sheer power of brilliant writing is well recognised; but their obstinacy in not admitting the fact that the subject is too slight for the treatment, or the treatment for the subject, is regrettable. It is one of those plays the birth of which is puzzling. As a rule, one can discover what was the idea with which a playwright began; one can guess the story, the situation, or the character which seemed to him to contain the germ of a play. It is impossible to do so in the present case. The title suggests that the authors imagined they could use their centre figure, the Bishop, for some *coup de théâtre*, and the handling of the play leads one to think they are going to do so; but, unfortunately, the *coup de théâtre* does not exist. The Bishop, whilst giving the idea that he is an amiable Machiavelli and the sort of man to do something subtle and ingenious, is an uninventive, undiscerning old gentleman, with a habit of fondling pretty creatures, which seems to have rather horrified some Catholics. Whether they are right to be horrified by this, or his exhibition of the fresco, or, indeed, the employment needlessly of one in his holy office, I cannot tell; but, if prejudices, legitimate or not, are offended, the offence now cannot be considered unintentional. Practice does not always make perfect, and this second-hand first-night did not give so good a performance as the original *première*—indeed, several of the Company were hampered by forgetfulness of their words. One cannot speak with enthusiasm of the acting: the "juvenile lead" is insignificant, Mr. Bouchier's cleverness is unaccompanied by the note of tenderness demanded, Miss Vanbrugh has hardly settled down to her work, and perhaps the soundest performance is that of Miss Jessie Bateman.



THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

X.—ASCOTT HOUSE.

BUCKS has been called the prettiest county in England; certainly it is one of the best-favoured, both by God and man; and an important section of Bucks has become specially associated with the Rothschild family. Mentmore, Ascott, Aston Clinton, Halton, and, last not least, Tring Park—which, not actually in Buckingham, for it is in Hertfordshire, yet forms one of this group of country palaces—each and all belong to the great clan of popular millionaires, though at the present time Lord Rosebery has the enjoyment of the splendid estate created by Baron Meyer de Rothschild, and which will in due course pass into the possession of his children.

Ascott, the delightful country home of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Rothschild, is in its way unique, for it does not recall either stately château or picturesque castle; on the contrary, the quaint, irregular mass of building, now the most comfortable of dwelling-houses, was, not so very long ago, a farm-house, one of those fine old homesteads which are gradually disappearing off the face of the country, partly because they are now eagerly sought for by those who long for unpretentious and yet commodious and comfortable country seats. The estate is an interesting example of what intelligence, wedded to great wealth, can achieve in the way of adding without taking away. Of course, the original building has been immensely altered and greatly improved, but the essential character of the long, low, old homestead, with its pointed gables and deep windows, has been preserved; and the lovely lawn is studded with fruit-trees, a survival of the old orchard which ran up almost to the door of the homestead.

Before natural gardens became the craze they now are, Mrs. Leopold Rothschild had secured for the enjoyment of herself and her guests such a pleasaunce, full of old English flowers and shrubs. Every kind of lovely creeper has been utilised with extraordinary skill, both on the house and in the grounds, and rare evergreens are a special feature of the demesne. The Water Garden is Mr. Leopold Rothschild's favourite resting-place during the hotter months of the year, and there may be seen specimens of all the rarer water-lilies and those plants which thrive only in or on the banks of streams.

Statuary is far too little employed to add grace and charm to our English lawns, fountains, and flower-gardens. Mr. Rothschild has added great beauty to Ascott by his lavish patronage of the sculptor's

art. This is particularly observable in the fine fountains which give delightful impressions of peaceful coolness to the stately gardens and lawns.

Mr. and Mrs. Rothschild are both connoisseurs, and many beautiful and, indeed, rare works of art have found a place in their country home. But Ascott in this matter makes no pretence to rival their splendid London dwelling in Hamilton Place, and a certain fresh simplicity remains the key-note of the creeper-covered country house which has sheltered so many distinguished people, for both host and hostess are very hospitable and delight in entertaining, in winter and in summer, a large circle of English and Continental friends, for Mrs. Rothschild, being French by birth, naturally keeps in close touch with France, and is never happier than when sharing the delights of Ascott with some of her own people.

Twenty-one years last January, the wedding of Mr. Leopold Rothschild and Miss Perugia brought together the most distinguished company which had ever been present in this country at a Jewish marriage, the guest of honour being the then Heir-Apparent. Mrs. Rothschild is still almost as young-looking as she then was, and it is hard to believe that she is the mother of the two fine sons who are now approaching manhood's estate. As for "Mr. Leopold," as he is affectionately known to a very large circle,

he has been described, and truly, as the recognised head of the Rothschild Turf affairs, and there are certainly no more popular colours than the blue and yellow. By a curious coincidence, the first horse run by a British Rothschild was named "Leopold"; this was in 1852, and since that time the lucky blue and yellow have carried off many a race with literally flying colours. Mr. Rothschild began his career as a racing-man under the name of "Mr. Acton," but he long since gave up the transparent pseudonym. He and Mrs. Rothschild have a charming place at Newmarket, where they have constantly entertained the King, who counts them among his intimate friends. In yet one other matter the whole Rothschild family have become quite typically English—that is, their love of sport. Lord Rothschild's staghounds are famous, and the kennels are at Ascott—indeed, Mr. Leopold Rothschild is quite as interested in every form of hunting as is his elder brother, while he also shares his distinguished nephew Mr. Walter Rothschild's interest in zoology.



THE BEAUTIFUL BRONZE FOUNTAIN IN THE GARDENS OF ASCOTT HOUSE.



ASCOTT HOUSE, THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE HOME OF MR. LEOPOLD ROTHSCHILD: THE SOUTH FRONT.

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



ASCOTT HOUSE: ONE OF THE ENTRANCE LODGES.



ASCOTT HOUSE (WEST FRONT), SHOWING CONSERVATORY AND BILLIARD-ROOM.

Photographs by F. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

MR. GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

EVERYONE who has read Captain Marryat's famous novel, "Japhet in Search of a Father"—and who has not?—will remember the large, rambling building in Isleworth which was used as a ladies' school. On the window-panes of the school-room may still be seen the names of the students, scratched, no doubt, with a diamond-ring the property of some thrice-happy damsel who has long since lived out her little tale of life's joys and sorrows.

That school-room is now the study of Mr. George Manville Fenn, whose literary activities it would be impossible to sum up in a word. Novelist and short-story writer, maker of books that charm and stir the soul of boys, dramatist and essayist, he has, altogether, written somewhere between a hundred and a hundred and fifty books, to say nothing of hundreds of sketches, of which even he has lost count. Add to this that Mr. Manville Fenn was at one time a journalist, and did everything, from reporting, *via* dramatic criticism, to writing leaders, and, in time, becoming proprietor of a magazine, and it will be seen at once how deep a debt the reading public owes to him.

One piece of Mr. Manville Fenn's journalistic work has a peculiar and almost topical interest, although it dates back to the anxious days of 1874, similar to those through which the country has just passed, when His Majesty, then Prince of Wales, was lying grievously sick, almost to death, with typhoid fever at Sandringham. Mr. Fenn was then writing for the *Echo*, when the recently deceased Sir Arthur Arnold, the then Editor, met him and said, "You are the very man I have been looking for. I want you to start for Sandringham at once. I expect the Prince will be dead before you get there, but pick up what news you can."

It was the depth of winter, and, when the young journalist got out of the train at Wolferton, the station for Sandringham, a scene of cold desolation, icily reflecting the national sentiment, met his gaze. As far as the eye could see, the ground was covered inches deep in snow. No conveyance was to be had, and so Mr. Manville Fenn started to walk to Sandringham. When he had nearly reached the house, a fly overtook him, and seated in it were four fellow journalists, Archibald Forbes, Walter Woods, Godfrey Turner, and Ernest Hart, all sent by their Editors on the same mission as that on which Mr. Fenn was bent. Naturally his tramp was over, for a place was found for him in the fly, and he went with the others to Dersingham, on the other side of Sandringham, where the nearest hospice was to be found. The days went by and there was no definite news to be obtained, yet "copy" had to be sent off to the paper. At last, one afternoon, Mr. Manville Fenn and the others went up to Sandringham, where they were met by the Rev. Lake Onslow, who came out and said, excitedly, "He is better. He has got his senses, and he has just asked for a glass of Burton ale." That was news indeed, and the question at once arose as to whose ale it was which the Prince drank. Whoever was really the maker, the credit has been given to several brewers.

Some time after, Mr. Manville Fenn was sent by one of the London papers to describe the Autumn Manœuvres which were taking place on the Hampshire and Surrey moors. The Prince of Wales on one occasion was heading a cavalry brigade. Being cavalry, the brigade was naturally mounted; and, as naturally, the journalist was on foot. After two or three hours, Mr. Manville Fenn found himself in the middle of a great common—practically a No Man's Land—to him. Not a house was in sight. He trudged on, and at last met a personage in a dark tweed knickerbocker suit, with a wideawake hat on his head and a farmer's thistle-spud in his hand. The journalist's trained eye soon noticed that the new-comer wore a white, clerical cravat, and so put him down at once as a farmer of his own glebe. He asked to be directed to the nearest station, and as they walked they compared notes of the Manœuvres, for the knickerbockered gentleman said that he was a Press-man himself, and that he had been watching the troops. With typical cordiality, he remarked that his house was near by, and asked Mr. Manville Fenn in to lunch. The

invitation given was naturally accepted by a hungry man, and then the journalist asked to whom he was indebted for the seasonable hospitality. "My name is Kingsley," was the reply. "Not Charles Kingsley?" "Yes." "Then is this Eversley?" said the astonished journalist, who had been quite ignorant of his whereabouts.

After refreshing his guest, and pointing out the many attractions of the place—the church, his favourite group of ancient fir-trees, &c.—he introduced him to his wife and daughters, one of whom was Rose Kingsley, who, some years later, invited Mr. Manville Fenn to contribute to a children's magazine she was about to edit; the other, in all probability, was the lady the world honours as "Lucas Malet," greatest of novelists of our generation.

Although doing a piece of special work for one of the London papers, Mr. Manville Fenn was then editing *Cassell's Magazine*. The opportunity was too good to be lost, and he proposed to Mr. Kingsley to write a story like "Westward Ho!" or "Hereward the Wake" on his own terms for the magazine. Kingsley, however, was writing on Physical Science at the time, and declared he would not write a story for anybody on any terms.

How small are the beginnings which sometimes lead to great things that editorship vividly shows. Mr. Manville Fenn was, years before, writing on the *Star*, then under the direction of Mr. Justin McCarthy, when Mr. Moy Thomas wrote to him, stating that he had read his story of a sick child, called "My Tyrant," and added that, as he was about to edit a new magazine, he would like Mr. Manville Fenn

to call upon him. He called, and at once began contributing. So great was his success that, when Mr. Moy Thomas resigned, he recommended Mr. Fenn as his successor. The recommendation, however, was not taken; but, some time after, when Mr. John Lovell and the late Rev. H. R. Haweis had filled the position, the offer came to him and was accepted.

A similar request from a friend who was about to edit a new boys' paper set Mr. Manville Fenn writing those boys' books in which, with the exception of his great friend, Mr. Henty, he is without a rival. The great body of story-writers who rely on the magazines for their income will certainly open their eyes in holy horror at

the thought that, in his early days, Mr. Manville Fenn was rewarded by an honorarium of six copies of one publication in which his story appeared.

Like the other young men of his day, he naturally sent his work to Charles Dickens, and with his first manuscript a letter asking whether the great author would read it and advise him whether, in his opinion, it was worth while for him to go on, or whether he regarded the story as evidence of no literary ability at all. Dickens's answer was delightfully dramatic. In a few days, the young writer received a proof of his work, without a single line of comment: as graceful a compliment and as encouraging a criticism as any young aspirant could desire.

Mr. Manville Fenn's leisure is spent in the pursuit of his hobbies, which take him into the open air, for he is devoted to natural science and to gardening, and he, not unjustly, prides himself on his roses and his fruit-trees. Incidentally, he goes in for astronomy, though, he will tell anyone who asks, "as the merest dabbler." Still, he makes his own glasses, and has one of a focal length of a hundred and twenty feet, so that it is impossible to mount it, seeing it would require a tube half as long again as that of the Lick or the Yerkes telescope. By no means incidentally, Mr. Manville Fenn is an enthusiastic book-collector and possessor of a very extensive library, which embraces probably one of the largest gatherings together of the old-world and modern dramatists, from the Elizabethan, through the Restoration, down to the playwrights of the present day. Shakspeare seems to be a special favourite, for old and modern editions fill many shelves, supplemented as they are by nearly everything critical that has been written and printed respecting the great poet and master of the stage. First editions are naturally favourites, and among his treasures is a first edition of the Aldine "Aristophanes," dated 1498.



"THIS HERSCHELIAN I MADE MYSELF."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XV.—MR. MANVILLE FENN.



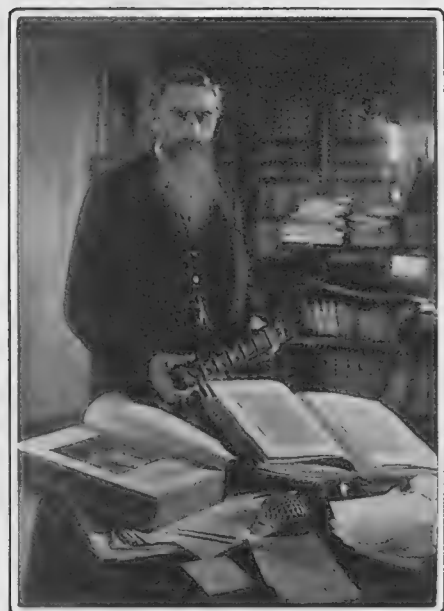
"I WORK HARD."



"AND PLAY HARD."



"WHEN WRITING, I VERIFY MY GEOGRAPHICAL ALLUSIONS VERY CAREFULLY."



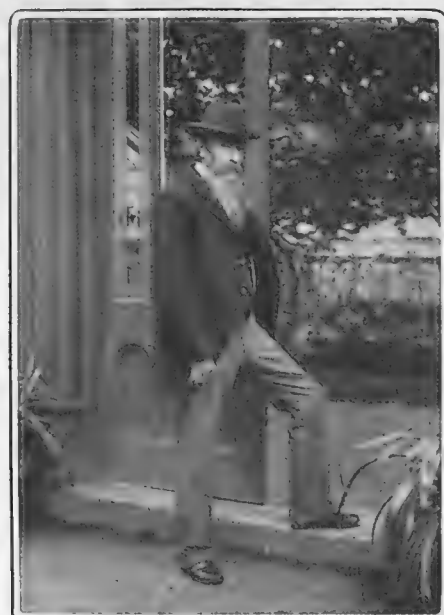
"I PRIZE OLD BOOKS VERY MUCH. THIS SHAKSPERE IS DISTINCTLY VALUABLE."



"LUMBER, YOU SEE: SOME WORTH KEEPING; SOME NOT WORTH TAKING AWAY."



"MY CHIEF EXERCISE IS GARDENING."



"I ALSO SPEND MANY HOURS IN MY VINERY."



"YOU MUST TAKE SOME ROSES BACK TO TOWN WITH YOU."



"AND KEEP THEM AS A MEMENTO OF OUR VERY PLEASANT CHAT. GOOD-BYE."

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

A GREAT BALLET-MASTER.

HOW SIGNOR CARLO COPPI CONDUCTS AN ALHAMBRA REHEARSAL.



A ROMANTIC POSE.



A DRAMATIC SCENE.

ON the first-night of a new ballet at the Alhambra, when the audience begins to express its satisfaction, the composer appears, accompanied by a rather shy, benevolent-looking gentleman whose white hair and beard make him look considerably older than his years. He bows his acknowledgments and escapes, if he can; but on nights when enthusiasm has been fever-heated, I have known him to fall into the arms of the Mænads of the *corps de ballet*, who drag him before the curtain again and offer him up as a goodwill offering to a delighted house. So soon as all this is over, Signor Carlo Coppi retires precipitately, and, if you met him on the following morning going for a short stroll in the neighbourhood of his home in Bedford Park, you might take him for a Professor of anything, but not for a shining light of Stageland.

His knowledge of the stage is complete. Fifty years ago, at the tender age of five, he made a first appearance before the footlights at the theatre at Lago, in Italy, where he appeared as Cupid in the ballet of "Daphnis and Chloë." In his teens he was a student, and so soon as he had parted company with them he made his début as principal mime at the Pergola Theatre, in Florence. Thirty-five years ago, ballet was a greater power even in Italy than it is to-day, and the young actor had to face a highly trained and critical audience; but his success was never in doubt, and the powers that ruled over the great theatre of Milan, La Scala, appointed him to the post of principal mime, and continued his engagement for ten years.

By the time that experience was completed, Signor Coppi knew all that ballet has to teach, and he took Marengo's famous "Excelsior," on tour, presenting it in nearly forty different towns, including London and Paris. The popularity of this work, which we were promised in London again a couple of years back, owes a great deal to Signor Coppi, who realised its delightful possibilities so soon. In 1891, the distinguished ballet-master was engaged at the Alhambra, and, with a short interval of absence, has been there since, producing very many delightful entertainments, including "Oriella," "Aladdin," "Don Juan," "Titania," "Blue Beard," and, perhaps most notable, though

not most successful, "Merry England," for which Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote the music. Outside the Alhambra, he has been responsible for the big ballets in the Drury Lane pantomime and for the smaller work that accompanies opera at Covent Garden, and he has worked for Sir Henry Irving in connection with "Robespierre" and "Faust." He is also associated with Mrs. Charles Mapleson, best-known as Madame Malvina Cavallazzi Mapleson, who was so long the chief mime at the Empire, and now teaches dancing and deportment at her school in Henrietta Street.

To the writer, a modest student and keen lover of ballet, the work of Signor Coppi is delightful. He has the imagination of a poet allied to the sound knowledge of the practised stage-worker; it is a pleasure to see the ballet grow under his hands, to watch the dancers emerging from their first condition of disorder and developing in lines and figures full of significance. He welds music and story together, doing ample justice to both, and no mime or dancer appeals for direction to him in vain. Nothing is experimental; he has done all there is to do, and the limit of his achievement in ballet-making is the limit of the artists' understanding. I shall not forget the occasion when I saw him for the first time teaching a *pas seul* to one of the leading dancers. He had the music played to him twice or thrice, went up and down the deserted stage, picturing for himself its appearance when the mimes and *corps de ballet* would be in their places and the scene would be set. Then, on a sudden, he started to go through the dance he had just thought out, going lightly over the stage to an audience chiefly composed of carpenters and to the accompaniment of a piano. As I said, the stage was bare, the auditorium was shrouded in its customary coverings, light came from a T-piece, and Signor Coppi was dressed for the street, with hat on head and stick in hand. Yet those steps, performed under so many disconcerting conditions, were delightful, and the

dancer who stood by my side in the wings whispered, as much to herself as to me, "Oh, I see what he wants! Isn't he clever?" To estimate that tribute at its proper worth, let me remark that it was made at the close of a rehearsal that had lasted three hours. Signor Coppi has gone very far, but has in no wise reached the limit of his capacity.



SIGNOR CARLO COPPI.



YOUTHFUL DANCERS.



"BRITANNIA'S REALM": THE ROLLER-SKATERS.



MISS ELIZABETH KIRBY AS MRS. McMANUS IN "BETSY," AT WYNDHAM'S.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.



EMILE ZOLA has advanced so far with his new book, to be entitled "Truth," that Messrs. Chatto and Windus announce an English version to be ready in the autumn. This is the third of the "Four Evangels" series, the first two being "Fruitfulness" and "Labour." The last volume will be called "Justice."

The celebrated traveller, Paul du Chaillu, is at present in Russia, engaged upon a book on the Russian people.

Besides his new novel, "The Unnamed," Mr. William le Queux will have ready for publication this autumn a fully illustrated History of the Republic of San Marino.

Mr. E. W. Hornung has completed a new novel, the scene of which is laid partly in Australia and partly in Russia. One of the most thrilling scenes of the novel is said to take place at the Battle of Inkerman, where the hero and the villain of the story fight in the same company, one as a private and the other as an officer. Both are captured and confined in the same fortress in Sebastopol.

Italy is likely to become a new paradise for journalists. There is before the Italian Parliament at the present time a remarkable Bill, called the "Journalists' Contract Law." The salient points of this Bill are—

The duration of a contract between a journalist and the proprietor of a paper cannot be less than two years for a chief editor and one year for an ordinary writer. A journalist taken on trial becomes a full-fledged journalist at the end of two months if not discharged. In case the paper is sold, if the owner changes his political opinions, or if there is a consolidation with another paper, the journalist is entitled to an indemnity should the change affect the stability of his position or force him to do some work not in accordance with his political opinions. This indemnity is equal to the amount of the salary he would receive to the end of his engagement. Any arrangement contrary to the Bill is void. In case of bankruptcy of the paper, the editors have a privileged lien on the furniture, the machinery, and the material. In case of litigation between journalists and owners of publications, an arbitration tribunal will decide. This tribunal will be composed of two journalists and two owners, selected out of a list of three of each presented by the litigants. There will be no appeal from the decision. A fee of 4 per 1000 of the amount involved will be paid to the treasury of the "Provident Association of Journalists."

Messrs. Methuen and Co.'s list of new fiction is one of the wonders of the publishing world. Contrary to all the accepted traditions of time and season, they are issuing novels regularly during the summer months, and, as most of these new books may be classed under the delightfully vague head of "holiday fiction," I do not see why their experiment should not be crowned with great success. After all, it is quite difficult to find anything new to read at this time of the year. Books like "Papa," by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, and "The Branded Prince," by Weatherby Chesney, go exceedingly well with a hammock or a deck-chair. They make no startling demand upon the reader, except it be upon his credulity, and they are thoroughly readable from start to finish. Both, I suppose, if you examine them in cold criticism, would be voted absolutely preposterous; but "Papa," at least, is most ingeniously worked out. It ends in a most satisfactory manner, but I am sorry to say that there is only one attempted murder. I have a feeling that this is not quite fair on the part of Mrs. Williamson.

"The Branded Prince" is of the old-fashioned type which used to be known as a "shocker." It deals in the "artist in crime," in the brand of some Secret Society, in the absurd attempts of detectives, amateur and professional, to find the criminal, and every reader will, of course, realise before he has read many chapters that he is very much more clever than the detectives. Some reviewers seem to think that an author makes a mistake when he allows his readers to solve the mystery before the last chapter. That is quite wrong. I could no more "detect" the ordinary commonplace crime than could the average detective officer, but it does give me a remarkable pleasure

when, by a few judicious hints, the author allows me to discover his secret before his detectives are even on the right track.

Sixpenny reprints are the only books that are selling in large quantities at present. The long-promised collapse of these cheap editions has not arrived—indeed, their popularity seems on the increase. That they have seriously affected the sales of the sixpenny magazines is, however, beyond doubt.

I hear that Mr. Robert Barr has purchased the *Idler*, and that a great attempt is to be made to regain its old position as one of the most popular sixpenny monthlies. It is to be produced in the most handsome manner throughout and will be greatly enlarged. It will be remembered that Mr. Robert Barr was associated with Mr. Jerome in the early stages of the *Idler's* existence, and I hope that, under his management, the magazine may be restored to its early position. That it is not impossible to revive an old favourite has been clearly shown by Mr. Hall Caine's success with *Household Words*, and, although the career of the *Idler* has been somewhat chequered, there is no reason why, in experienced hands, it should not attain to a large circulation.

A great sigh of relief went up from the publishers when the Coronation was officially fixed for Aug. 9. If, as was originally stated, it had been postponed till October, the result would have been almost disastrous, for everywhere preparations have been made for an early start to the autumn season. At present, prospects for winter trade are particularly bright.

The last few weeks have been unequalled for general dulness in the recent annals of publishing. I can scarcely remember a time when so few new books were issued. It is not surprising that record orders have been booked for Marie Corelli's new novel, "Temporal Power," which is to be issued at the end of August. I am even surprised that the popular novelists do not follow the example of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli.

O. O.



THE HON. ALEXANDER WILMOT,
A DISTINGUISHED SOUTH AFRICAN LITTÉRATEUR.
Photograph by Duffus Bros., Cape Town.

Next to Olive Schreiner, probably the most distinguished *littérateur* in South Africa is the Hon. Alexander Wilmot, a member of the Legislative Council of Cape Colony, who is just now on a visit to England. In Sir Harry Smith's autobiography, the curious will find a flattering reference to "The History of South Africa," which was written by Mr. Wilmot in conjunction with the Hon. J. L. Chase. "The History of the Zulu War," "The History of Our Own Times in South Africa" (three volumes), "The Story of the Expansion of South Africa," "The Settlers of 1820" (poem), "The Poetry of South Africa," and a "Compendium of Law at the Cape of Good Hope" are all from Mr. Wilmot's pen, with the exception of the last-named, which was written in collaboration with Mr. (now Sir) William Buchanan. Mr. Wilmot is now engaged on the biography of that distinguished Colonial statesman, Sir Richard Southey, by desire of the latter's executors, who have handed him his papers illustrative of history in the Cape Colony and Griqualand West during his time. Mr. Wilmot is a Scotsman, having been born in Edinburgh in 1836. He was articled to the law in Scotland and was brought up to the legal profession. He subsequently proceeded to South Africa, and, after service in the Colonial Office of Cape Colony, was elected; in 1889, a member of the Legislative Council, upon the resignation of the Hon. William Savage. Mr. Wilmot holds strong views on the liquor question, and some years ago a Commission appointed by the Cape Government was virtually the outcome of his efforts in that direction. The honourable gentleman is a *persona grata* in clerical circles in Rome, and is, or was, largely interested in landed property in the vicinity of Port Elizabeth.

SOME IDEAL HOLIDAY HAVENS.



SOME IDEAL HOLIDAY HAVENS

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.



A TYPICAL IRISH VILLAGE



MUCKROSS ABBEY



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS, KILLARNEY.



A BLACKTHORN-SELLER



OLD WEIR BRIDGE, KILLARNEY.



MEETING OF THE WATERS, KILLARNEY.



ROSS CASTLE

SOME IDEAL HOLIDAY HAVENS.

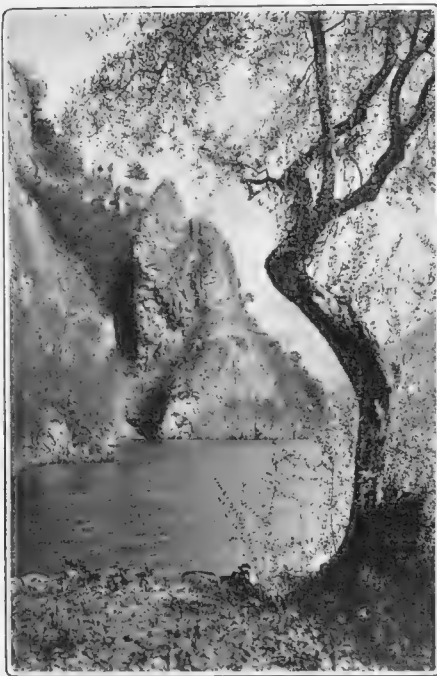
THE ITALIAN LAKES.



LUGANO AND LAKE, FROM THE STATION



ISOLA BELLA, ONE OF THE CELEBRATED BORROMEAN ISLANDS
ON LAKE MAGGIORE.



OLD OLIVE ON LAKE LUGANO.



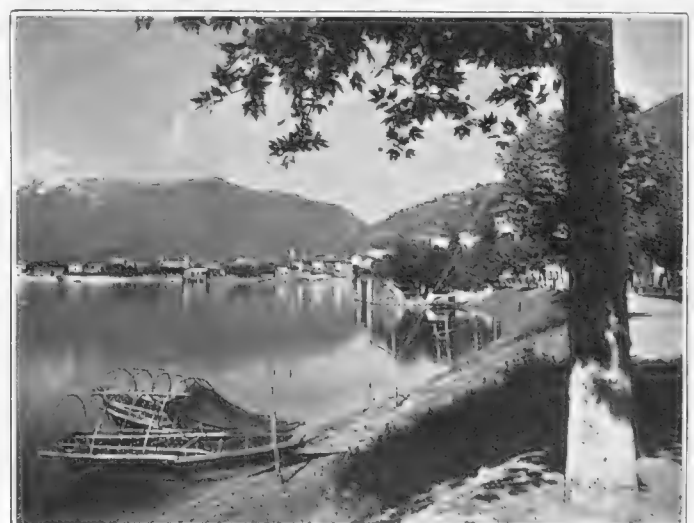
MORCOTE, ON LUGANO LAKE.



A PRETTY SPOT IN THE WOODS NEAR AGNO.



LUGANO QUAY.



LOCARNO QUAY, ON LAKE MAGGIORE.

SOME IDEAL HOLIDAY HAVENS.



Glimpses
of
English
Lake-
Land.

H. Sedler



1. Grasmere
2. Near Conistone
3. Rothay Valley
4. Ambleside
5. Hawkshead
6. Lake Windermere
7. On Wansfell
8. Wordsworth's Home
Rydal Mount





LAZY LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN IDLE SUMMER.



XI.—A QUESTION OF GARDENS AND BEAN-FEASTS.

"IN July," I said, quoting Francis Bacon, "come gilliflowers of all varieties, musk-roses, the lime-tree in blossom, early pears and plums in fruit, ennittings, quodlins. In August come plums of all sorts in fruit, pears, apricots, barberries, filberts, musk-melons, monkshoods of all colours." I paused and looked to where Father

William leaned over the garden-hedge. The veteran grunted.

"There ain't not never been no limes in this parish," he said, defiantly; "man an' boy, I've worked hereby 'ighty year, an' no mistake."

"I'm telling you what Francis Bacon said," I replied.

"Then he's a liar, beggin' y'r pardon," said Father William, irritably; "I'm an older man nor 'e, an' 'e can't teach me."



"He has been dead three hundred years and more," I said, in extenuation.

"Well, well!" remarked the ancient one; "maybe there was limes in this hundred then. But there ain't now, not for any lot o' Bacon."

"This is a fine tree," I said, ignoring his contempt for the great essayist and indicating the apple-tree at the end of my miniature garden; "I'll have a fine crop off it."

"Rightly speakin'," said the veteran, "she be mine, along wi' many more."

I looked curious.

"Afore ye was born," he said, in explanation, speaking as a Briton speaks who has rights to enforce, "chanced th' cottage were empty. Man I knew wunnerful well, 'e come an' took ut, that 'e did, an' I ain't tellin' ye no lie. A bad lot 'e were—died o' drink, to my thinkin', for never a Saturday night 'e didn't tramp down to th' Wheatsheaf an' 'ave 'is beer, an' w'en 'e come seventy-ight 'e was took off sudden."

"By drink?" I said.

"Not exactly," admitted the veteran, with obvious reluctance. "Th' lightnin' strook 'im wunnerful 'ard, agin a tree in th' grove, but e might ha' died o' drink but fr' that. Well, I'm tellin' ye, I was allus amazin' proud o' my garden, an' 'e said to me, 'Gie us a cuttin' o' this, Willum, an' a cuttin' o' that,' an' I most allus gied it 'un. An' 'e never pide me nothin', so, be rights, th' fruit's mine, as I'm tellin' ye."

"Did he promise to pay you?" I asked, very seriously indeed.

"A great deal depends upon that."

The eyes of the ancient man flashed fire. He saw himself master of all my fruit, to dispose of as he thought fit.

"He were allus a-promisin'!" he cried. "Less than a week afore 'e were took, I said to 'im, 'Ye han't never not gied me nothin' f'r th' seeds an' cuttin's, Master Peter,' which was 'is name; an' he ups an' sez, 'Some other time, Master Willum'—which was me. An' then 'e were took."

"How many years ago?" I asked.

"Nigh twelve, if not more," Father William replied. "There were that apple-tree agin ye, an' they current-bushes, an' they 'gage-trees 'longside o' th' 'edge, an' th' pear-trees t'other side, an' every one o' th' damson-trees. Every one on 'em comed fr' out of me garden an' b'longs to me o' rights. I'll let ye keep some o' th' fruit; tho', mark ye, it's mine."

"No doubt, you'll have letters acknowledgin' the debt?" I asked him.

"I've a power o' letters," said Father William, readily.

"Well," I said, "find me the letters acknowledgin' the debt and I'll consider your case on its merits."

upside down before him. He has fruit of his own, and does not scruple to assist himself to the softer sorts of mine, and as, to quote his own statement, he "can't champ no solid wittles," the loss of my fruit-trees will not weigh upon him. I think he wants no more than the admiration of Maychester Village and the enhanced reputation due to a man who can defend his rights against all comers.

We have had a curious experience. Last week, two brakes came from Market Waldron heavily laden with support for Darwin's theories about the descent of man. The supporters came to the Wheatsheaf to the sound of martial music upon the concertina, and, once arrived there, ate beef and "trimmings" to repletion point. Thereafter they adjourned to the fields and waxed witty at the expense of the harvesters, stimulating their thirst awhile and even trying to drown it in beer. As the thirst proved immortal, they were content to give it enough beer to swim in, and, by the time the brakes gathered them up for the evening train, they were as limp as jelly-fish and as drunk as a Mafficking Night. They say in Maychester that they were "bean-feasters fr' Lunnon." I hope, for the credit of "Lunnon," wherever it may be, that the statement will be officially denied, for they were not even Friendly Brethren, and must have mistaken Maychester for Southend-on-Sea or Margate. I suppose they have a perfect right to bean-feast where they will, drink all they can carry, and be merry to the sound of concertina, and, no doubt, I am quite unjustified in writing or thinking ill of them. But I have found this forgotten corner of Landshire, or like to think I have, and I have sought to pay the due homage of idleness to the summer in a place that has been forgotten or never known.

And let me add, in truth and with regret, the younger yokel looks with immense admiration upon the bean-feasting person "fr' Lunnon" whose tie mocks the rainbow and who knows a street with ten public-houses in it, to say nothing of a music-hall. I see the youth of Maychester hanging round at a respectful distance, eager to gather any scraps of the wisdom of town that may fall from the lips of the bean-feasters.

The young partridges are all hatched now, and there is a fair chance of big coveys. I hear of fewer deserted nests this year, and the foxes have not been so busy, partly because foxes tend to disappear in this district. The country is hunted regularly, but there has been trouble about compensation, and I fear that some of the farmers, while exercising their rights under the Ground Game Act, have



mistaken foxes for rabbits. Yet, as Horace has assured us, you can't drive Nature out with a pitchfork, and, if a farmer who does not hunt finds his poultry-run devastated and his claims met in a fashion that is not generous, accidents will happen and foxes will be associated with them.

S. L. BENSUSAN.



"HIS BROW O'ERHUNG WITH STRAYING, WIND-KISSED LOCKS."

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.



AT THE "ZOO."

SHE: What's that? HE: A tickler-bird, of course, stupid.

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.

TWO ON AN ALP.

BY BEATRIX M. DE BURGH.

SCENE: A ledge at the foot of a small glacier in the Bernese Alps. A deeply blue sky and the snow tinged with rose-colour by the approach of sunset. Intense stillness everywhere, broken by a scream and a fall of stones, in the midst of which MRS. GUILFORD, a young and charming widow, slides suddenly into view, frantically trying to arrest her downward course with her alpenstock.

MRS. GUILFORD (as she lands on the ledge with a jerk). Oh—h—h!

VOICE ABOVE. Hullo! Hullo! Are you safe?

MRS. G. (half-crying). I don't know!

VOICE. Hold on, for Heaven's sake!

MRS. G. There is nothing to hold on to!

VOICE (more distant). Wait a moment!

MRS. G. Oh! Don't go away and leave me!

VOICE (more distant still). Of course not!

MRS. G. But you are going!

VOICE. No! I'm coming! Look out!

[Another fall of stones, and the owner of the voice, CAPTAIN SYDNEY BURNETT, a good-looking man of forty, lands at the other end of the ledge. He has a thick cape strapped to his shoulders and a rope knotted round his waist.

MRS. G. Oh! Why did you?

CAPTAIN B. I couldn't leave you here alone. (Anxiously.) You are not hurt? (Catching her hands.)

MRS. G. Not in the least. It was so awkward for me to slip . . . at such an easy place, too!

CAPTAIN B. Thank Heaven it was at no worse a place! You might have— (Hoarsely.) Evelyn! I can't bear to think of it!

MRS. G. (blushing and pulling her hands away). Captain Burnett!

CAPTAIN B. Oh! I forgot for the moment that we were not on speaking terms. . . . Well, you must put up with my society for a time, till the guide returns.

MRS. G. Returns? (Sharply.) Where has he gone?

CAPTAIN B. For another rope. (Untying the one round him.)

MRS. G. What is wrong with that one?

CAPTAIN B. A bit frayed.

MRS. G. But you came down by it?

CAPTAIN B. I doubt if it would bear a return journey. You—you are not quite a fairy, and I am tolerably heavy.

MRS. G. (anxiously). Will he be long?

CAPTAIN B. Not very. There is a hut not far off. . . . Oh! (bitterly) you won't have to bear the infliction of my presence long!

MRS. G. I never said your presence was an infliction.

CAPTAIN B. You looked straight through me when you came out of the hotel this morning and saw who it was you had proposed to join in his climb.

MRS. G. (embarrassed). The guide mispronounced your name. I thought you were a stranger, or—

CAPTAIN B. —Or you would never have come? Oh, I guessed that! Well, I will get as far from you as space will permit, and you need not address another word to me. . . . You had better sit down. You will have some time to wait.

MRS. G. (rather proudly). You should not have troubled to come. It was not necessary.

CAPTAIN B. (shrugging his shoulders). Perhaps. We shall see. Anyway, here I am, and here I must stay, unless you wish me to risk ascending by the frayed rope?

MRS. G. (horror-stricken). Good Heavens! No!

CAPTAIN B. Then take my advice and sit down quietly. I won't trouble you, I give you my word.

MRS. G. (hesitating). You—you?

CAPTAIN B. I am going to the other end of the platform, and I shall sit with my back to you, and you can imagine I am not there.

MRS. G. I am not good at imagining.

CAPTAIN B. Indeed? I should have thought otherwise. In the old days—

MRS. G. (plaintively). Oh, go away!

CAPTAIN B. Certainly.

[He retires to the far end of the ledge, where he sits with his back to MRS. GUILFORD. She looks after him for a moment, then bites her lip, and, after hesitating, sits slowly down, also with her back to CAPTAIN BURNETT. A long silence ensues. MRS. GUILFORD turns her head several times, and looks wistfully at CAPTAIN BURNETT, but he never moves. The silence is intense. Finally, MRS. GUILFORD'S lip begins to quiver and the tears fall from her eyes. She leans her head against the rock and sobs quietly. CAPTAIN BURNETT springs quickly to his feet and comes to her, in great agitation.

CAPTAIN B. Evelyn! Evelyn! What is it? Surely you were not hurt, after all? (Kneeling by her.)

MRS. G. No, no! (Sobbing.) It is the silence I can't bear . . . it is awful!

CAPTAIN B. (remorsefully). What a brute I am! I ought to have known! The horror of stillness . . . it gets into one's nerves and brain—it seizes one by the throat and chokes one! (Sitting by her and gazing into vacancy.) It chills the blood in one's veins and sends the courage oozing out of one's finger-tips . . . I know!

MRS. G. How do you know? (Watching him breathlessly.)

CAPTAIN B. (grimly). I've experienced it. (Slowly.) I was lost on the veldt for two nights and a day—it seemed an eternity! (Slowly, with a deep terror dawning in his eyes.) It wasn't the hunger or the thirst; it was the horror of loneliness, the appalling silence, that made me—afraid.

MRS. G. (touching his hand). Don't think of it. Besides, I am sure you were never—afraid.

CAPTAIN B. (in a half-whisper). I was, I tell you! I whimpered like a frightened child in the dark. I think Hell must be like that—deadly silence.

MRS. G. Don't think of it! Don't talk of it!

CAPTAIN B. (passing his hand over his eyes). Forgive me! I ought not to have spoken of it.

MRS. G. (softly). I am glad you told me.

CAPTAIN B. That I had been—afraid? I remember . . . You once called me a coward.

MRS. G. That is ungenerous of you! Do you never forget?

CAPTAIN B. Not easily. Now, you—

MRS. G. What makes you think that I forget easily?

CAPTAIN B. Well, you had apparently forgotten my very existence this morning when we met.

MRS. G. (blushing and embarrassed). I hadn't, of course—only . . . Well, I wanted to do this climb alone. It is such an easy one; but the landlord advised me to join a Mr. Somebody—I didn't catch the name—and his daughter, who were taking a guide for safety's sake. He pointed them out to me last night—a pleasant-faced old man and a middle-aged daughter.

CAPTAIN B. Most reassuring companions.

MRS. G. Then I came out this morning and saw no one but the guide and—and—you.

CAPTAIN B. And your assurance took to itself wings and fled? You retained only sufficient to freeze me with a glance? You might like to know that the old man and his daughter backed out when they found that recent bad weather had made this ascent scarcely as safe as usual.

MRS. G. (half-indignant). Why didn't you tell me so?

CAPTAIN B. It was wrong of me, perhaps; but I was angry with you—I have been angry with you for years, you know—and I didn't think you could come to much harm with the guide and myself to look after you. . . . There was another reason, too.

MRS. G. What?

CAPTAIN B. I hadn't seen you for so long, and I couldn't resist the temptation of being your companion for a whole day.

MRS. G. It was taking an unfair advantage.

CAPTAIN B. Of what? Your pride? I saw at a glance it was only that which prevented you returning to the hotel after the first hundred yards. I've suffered a lot for your pride, Evelyn, and I didn't see why, for once, your pride should not suffer from me. . . . There was nothing to prevent your going back, you know. You were not obliged to come.

MRS. G. (angrily). You are ungenerous!

CAPTAIN B. I am afraid I am.

MRS. G. You should not have let me come. See what has happened!

CAPTAIN B. I repented my fault most bitterly for the few awful moments in which I feared for your safety; but since—

MRS. G. Do you mean that you are glad, glad that I am in this—this horrible situation?

CAPTAIN B. (coolly). No; but I am glad that I am!

MRS. G. (turning her back). Oh, oh! I—I— Don't speak to me!

CAPTAIN B. (obediently). Very well.

[Another silence. MRS. GUILFORD begins to look very pale, and she shivers once or twice, in spite of her efforts not to. CAPTAIN BURNETT, after watching her anxiously, takes the cloak from his shoulders and pulls off his coat.

CAPTAIN B. Get up for a moment, please.

MRS. G. (haughtily). Thank you . . . I am quite comfortable. (Her teeth begin to chatter.)



SCENE: ANY HOUSE-BOAT.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.

CAPTAIN B. (*sharply*). Get up, I tell you. (*She does not move, so he takes her by the shoulders and makes her rise. When she is up, he folds his coat for a seat.*) Now, sit down again, please. (*She looks up at him mutinously for a moment; then, as he puts out his hands as if to make her obey him, she suddenly sits down. He then carefully folds his cape about her.*) You may not know, but it's ice you are sitting on and leaning against. I don't want you to be ill.

MRS. G. (*submissively*). Thank you.

[*She watches him out of the corner of her eyes as he walks up and down the platform, a fine, athletic figure. His right cuff has become unfastened in pulling off his coat, and he looks round for the link.*

MRS. G. (*picking up link from beside her*). It is here.

CAPTAIN B. (*taking it*). Oh, thank you! (*He fumbles at cuff for a time, she watching him; then, under his breath.*) Damn!

MRS. G. (*demurely*). Shall I fasten it?

CAPTAIN B. Will you?

[*Kneels by her. As her hand touches his wrist, he catches his breath and looks at her; but her eyes are down. He sets his lips firmly. At the opening of his sleeve is seen the beginning of a half-healed scar. MRS. GUILFORD looks at it, as if fascinated.*

CAPTAIN B. (*puzzled by her delay*). Is it too stiff? Can't you do it?

MRS. G. Oh, yes! But (*pushing his sleeve up*), what is this?

CAPTAIN B. Nothing. An old wound.

MRS. G. What an awful place!

CAPTAIN B. It isn't pleasant to look at. (*Pulling down sleeve.*) Shall I fasten it?

MRS. G. No, no! (*With head down.*) I can do it; but my fingers are a little stiff with the cold, that is all.

CAPTAIN B. (*taking her hands*). Cold? They are like ice. . . . Poor little woman! (*Rubs them.*)

MRS. G. I am sure you must be awfully cold too. Won't you sit here (*moving up*) and share your cloak? It is very wide.

CAPTAIN B. (*looking at her intently*). I don't think I need it.

MRS. G. Please! Please do! It would make me so much happier.

CAPTAIN B. (*eagerly*). Would it? (*She nods.*) Then I will. (*He sits by her side and draws the corner of the cloak round him.*)

MRS. G. (*a little embarrassed*). I—I want to tell you about this morning. . . . I didn't mean to be nasty, but I was so surprised. I didn't know you were here, and I hadn't seen you since— (*Breaks off in confusion.*)

CAPTAIN B. I see. What would you have done if you had known I was here? Hidden away, I suppose, till you could escape me?

MRS. G. I don't know.

CAPTAIN B. I think I do. Yet I couldn't do you any harm now. (*After a pause.*) He is dead?

MRS. G. (*soberly*). Yes, he is dead. You had heard?

CAPTAIN B. A few weeks since.

MRS. G. It is more than a year.

CAPTAIN B. So long? You were awfully cruel to me that last night I saw you, Evelyn.

MRS. G. (*wistfully*). Was I? It was so difficult. I was trying to do what was right—trying so hard—and when you, you who had been so kind, so gentle, on whom I had relied so much for help and—friendship—came and offered me— (*Breaking off passionately.*) Oh! You shouldn't have done it! You shouldn't have done it!

CAPTAIN B. I know. You poor little saint! I was a coward. You were quite right, but you might have made excuses for me. I knew you cared for me—for my help—and when they ordered me away, and I knew you were to be left there alone, tied to that brute, who had broken every one of his marriage vows a thousand times over—

MRS. G. (*interrupting*). That did not absolve me from mine.

CAPTAIN B. I suppose not; but that did not occur to me. I wanted to take you away—out of it all; but I swear to you, Evelyn, I never meant to speak that night! I was going to leave you to your martyrdom—until you cried; and then—well, then, it was all out and done with in a moment. You—(*very slowly*)—you said some very cruel things; you were very hard on me.

MRS. G. (*half-sobbing*). Oh, and wasn't I hard on myself, too? I was so disappointed! Your kindness was the only bright thing in my poor life—and you spoilt it. I might have gone on indefinitely, dreaming of friendship—

CAPTAIN B. You must have known long before that I loved you.

MRS. G. Perhaps I did, but you had not said it. . . . I lulled my conscience to sleep with a song of friendship, and you woke it to consciousness with a lover's kiss. It could never sleep again. I had tried so hard to be brave—cruel, you call it—for you and for myself.

CAPTAIN B. For yourself? (*Bending to her passionately.*) Evelyn!

MRS. G. (*in a panic*). Oh! . . . Shall I—shall I do up your cuff for you?

CAPTAIN B. (*holding out arm mechanically*). If you will, please.

MRS. G. (*touching scar*). I—I know how you got that.

CAPTAIN B. How did you know?

MRS. G. I watched for your name in the papers, and Neville told me himself.

CAPTAIN B. (*gruffly*). Young fool! He made the devil of a fuss about nothing.

MRS. G. He didn't think it nothing, nor did his mother, nor yet the authorities. They say you are recommended for the Cross.

CAPTAIN B. Oh, come! That is rubbish.

MRS. G. You were brave—brave! I was so proud of you!

CAPTAIN B. (*rising*). Proud? You?

MRS. G. (*kneeling and keeping hold of his wrist*). I kept saying, "That man cared for me once."

CAPTAIN B. Once!

MRS. G. I—I loved you for it! There! (*Bends suddenly and kisses his wrist.*)

CAPTAIN B. (*hoarsely*). Evelyn! Don't! You've forgiven me?

MRS. G. What there was to forgive.

CAPTAIN B. My darling!

VOICE ABOVE. Holà! Holà!

CAPTAIN B. The guide. What was the fool in such a hurry for? Evelyn! (*Holding out arms.*)

MRS. G. (*shyly*). Do you think he can see?

CAPTAIN B. (*whimsically*). I have no doubt he can.

MRS. G. (*suddenly*). I don't care if he can. I love you! I love you!

[*Fling both arms round his neck and kisses him. A rope drops suddenly and she springs away.* CAPTAIN BURNETT laughs.

CAPTAIN B. I believe he did see! Won't he be surprised? (*Teasingly.*) Remember, we were strangers when he left us. (*Catching rope.*)

MRS. G. (*tossing her head and blushing*). I don't care! (*As he puts the rope round her.*) Can't we go up together?

CAPTAIN B. I am afraid not. (*Gives a tug at first rope, which drops from above. He examines the end.*) Frayed through—I thought as much.

MRS. G. (*catching his arm*). Oh! And you came down it! You might have— (*Stops and looks into the depths below her, horrified.*)

CAPTAIN B. (*gently*). But I didn't.

MRS. G. Oh, my dear! my dear! Why did you come at such risk?

CAPTAIN B. I thought you might be—lonely.

MRS. G. So I have been lonely—so lonely, for years!

VOICE ABOVE. Holà! Holà, Monsieur!

CAPTAIN B. Bien, Anton! Come, dearest, set your foot here (*indicating a crevice*), use your alpenstock, and go carefully. (*Kisses her.*) Holà, Anton! (*MRS. GUILFORD is drawn up out of sight, BURNETT pulls on his coat and cape, and in a moment the rope re-descends and he fastens it round him.*)

CAPTAIN B. Holà, Anton!

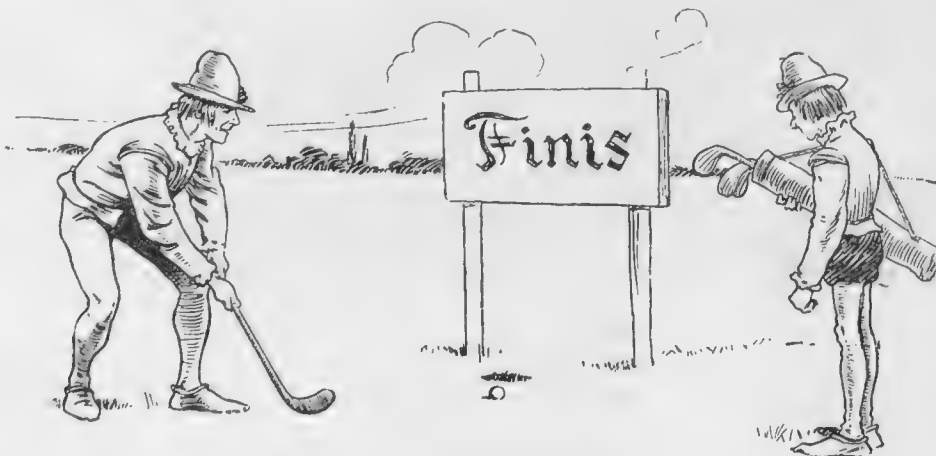
MRS. G. (*above*). Be careful! Oh, be careful, for—for my sake!

CAPTAIN B. For your sake—and my own, darling!

MRS. G. (*above*). Oh! The guide!

CAPTAIN B. (*mounting slowly*). He doesn't understand English.

[CAPTAIN BURNETT is also drawn up out of sight, and silence descends again.



CHAS CROMBIE

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HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHEN Shakspeare (or, as Mrs. Gallup would say, Bacon) wrote that Man in his time plays many parts, even he, prophet as he was, had no prevision of Louie Freear enacting many characters besides certain of his own, or he would assuredly have added, "and so does Woman." To many playgoers who, from lack of sufficient experience, associate Miss Freear only with the impersonating of eccentric slaveys in farcical comedies, such as "Oh! Susannah!" and in musical farces, such as "The Gay Parisienne" and "A Chinese Honeymoon" (still so successfully running at the Strand), it would doubtless seem strange to learn that this singularly gifted little actress not only played Puck splendidly in Mr. Tree's glorious revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a few years ago, but also that she enacted that difficult character and several others by the same author—whoever he may have been—some few years before that. As a matter of fact, Miss Freear was but in her teens when I found her playing sundry Shak—or Bak—sperian rôles with Mr. Ben Greet, a far-seeing entrepreneur, who speedily saw that

Miss Freear, even at that age, was shaping for that kind of stage-player who can play anything—a kind of stage-player who is, alas, none too common in these days of specialism and long runs. As some additional proof of this versatile little lady's range, I may tell you that, some years before the period I have mentioned, I found her, then the merest child, scoring heavily as a Midget Minstrel, able and willing to do all sorts of "Christy" or "Moore and Burgess" business, from miniature corner-manism to the singing of the most pathetic ballads. I have even known her sing in oratorio, soon after that, and sing well too, while her pathetic gifts were even then (as well as later, in "Boy Bob") so evident and so touching that I have often mentally noted her down as a coming "Female Robson."

Between her theatrical engagements, Miss Freear has on several occasions filled in time at music-halls, or "theatres of variety," as they are now mostly called. At other times—Christmas times—this brilliant all-round actress goes in for engagements in pantomime, when, by dint of songs, dances, imitations, and tragic outbursts she always contrives to dominate the show. Some time ago, Miss Freear went to America, playing principally in a piece called "The Man in the Moon," in which she gave all her "specialities," and, indeed, played all sorts of parts and did all sorts of things, drawing the line only at adding "turns" on the roof-gardens. The dissensions arising from her not unnatural refusal to join in these "al-fiasco" entertainments (as a certain long-celebrated Malapropian American Manager was wont to call them) had one happy result—for England. In other words, the trouble brought her back to these islands to delight playgoers, as she is now delighting them by her screamingly funny acting of the waiting-maid Fi-fi in "A Chinese Honeymoon."

The new theatrical season is "just about to commence," as the old-fashioned showmen used to say. It really started last Wednesday, the 30th ult., when Mr. Arthur Bouchier revived at the Garrick "The Bishop's Move," written by "John Oliver Hobbes" and Mr. Murray Carson—a play which the said "John Oliver Hobbes" has just copyrighted in America under her own name of Pearl Maria Teresa Craigie. The next important new theatrical fixtures will be Mr. J. M. Barrie's

new play, "Quality Street," due at the Vaudeville on or about the 13th inst., with Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks in the principal parts; and the adaptation of "La Passerelle," prepared by Mr. Cosmo Stuart Gordon-Lennox (formerly known on the stage by his first two names) for Mr. Charles Frohman to produce at the Duke of York's on the 19th inst.—according to present arrangements. The next important fixture after these will be Messrs. Harrison and Maude's Haymarket production of "There's Many a Slip" as adapted by Captain Robert Marshall from Scribe and Legouvé's sixty-year-old comedy, "Bataille de Dames." In this the principal parts will be sustained by Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Cyril Maude, and Mr. H. B. Irving, the last-named being lent by Mr. Charles Frohman until the Duke of York's production of Mr. Pinero's new comedy, in which Mr. Irving has, I am told, a splendid part. On Aug. 30 we are to see Mr. Alexander's production of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's romantic play, "If I were King," in which Mr. Alexander will impersonate that burglarious bard whom Mr. Swinburne calls our "sad, bad, glad, mad brother."

Two days later—on Sept. 1, to be exact—the American tragédienne, Miss Nance O'Neill, whom the London County Council fiat will not permit to fulfil her Lyceum season, will start a season at the Adelphi with "Magda," and Miss Kitty Loftus (now playing the name-part in "Betsy," at Wyndham's) will start a season at the Savoy, what time the present Savoy Company will go a-touring with "Merrie England."

The next important fixture—and, naturally, one of the most important—will be Mr. Arthur Collins's production at Drury Lane, on or about Sept. 11, of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new drama, wherein the sometime authoritatively announced Flying Trapeze Accident now seems likely to resolve itself into a disaster to an Air-ship! If so, whatever will the intrepid M. Santos-Dumont say? About a fortnight after the

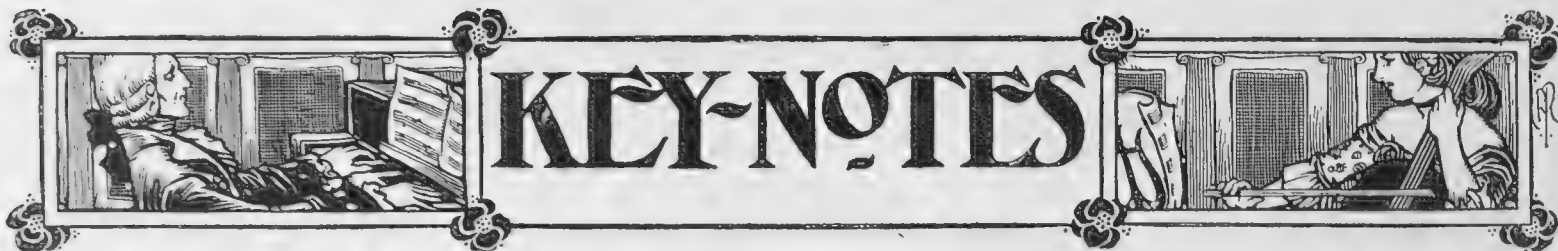


MISS LOUIE FREEAR AT HOME.

Photograph by Thomas, Cheapside.

Drury Lane production—really on Michaelmas Night, according to present arrangements—Mr. Beerbohm Tree will present at Her Majesty's Mr. Hall Caine's new drama, "The Eternal City."

Other new plays looming ahead, but with their actual dates of production not definitely decided at the moment of going to press, include the following: The aforesaid new Pinero play at the Duke of York's; Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's two new plays for Mr. Wyndham—one for his Charing Cross Road Theatre, and the other for his new building playhouse to be called "The New Theatre"; Captain Hood's new domestic drama, "Griff's Girl" (with pretty Miss Madge Lessing as the heroine), at the Shaftesbury; the new comic opera, "My Lady Molly," written by "Owen Hall" and composed by Sidney Jones; an Upper Thames musical play, called "Maiden and Millionaire," written by Messrs. H. Chance Newton and Rupert Hughes and composed by Mr. Robert Coverley; a new satirical musical play, written by Messrs. George Dance and George Arliss, and entitled "The Smart Set"; a new "Dooley" drama, to be imported from America; a new "Trilby" opera, composed by Mr. Victor Hollaender; a new adaptation by Mr. Arthur Sturges of Walther and Stein's "Die Herren Söhne," prepared by command of Mr. Lowenfeld; and a new musical romantic drama, called "The Motor Girl," prepared for Miss Louise Beaudet, who had it copyrighted and licensed some time ago. And, as the song says, "there are others." But of those anon.



KEY-NOTES

THE fiat has gone forth—there is to be no rest for the musical critic; he, like the Wandering Jew, must still pound on in the summer heat and give to Covent Garden an attendance which he would willingly have bestowed rather to yellow sands or to pastures new. Three weeks in August will not have passed before the opera is down upon us again with a swoop, when we are to have the Moody-Manners season of English Opera.

It is "the most unkindest cut of all" that the blow should have fallen at the hands of Mr. Frank Rendle and Mr. Neil Forsyth, who are presumably responsible during these months for the management of the theatre. To be exact, Aug. 25 is the first night of the season, which will continue for five weeks, and ordinary theatre-prices will be charged.

The proposed repertoire consists of fifteen operas, all told, and a curious mingling they are. "Siegfried," "Tristan," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin"—these are the operas chosen from Wagner's work; for the rest we have "Carmen," "Faust," "Il Trovatore," "The Lily of Killarney," "Maritana," "The Bohemian Girl" (dear to old-fashioned Managers under the amusingly abridged title of "The Bo Girl"), "Martha," "La Gioconda," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," and a new opera by Pizzi. Here is a sufficiently numerous list, one would suppose, on which to ring the changes during a series of thirty performances. In the selection of singers, an excellent discretion has been used. Among the sopranis, one notes the names of Blanche Marchesi, Fanny Moody,



MR. MAURICE FARKOA IN "THREE LITTLE MAIDS," AT THE APOLLO

Photograph by Langflet, London and Glasgow.

Zélie de Lussan, and Alice Esty; the contraltis are Lily Moody and Marie Alexander. The names of Philip Brozel, John Coates, and Joseph O'Mara are included in the list of tenors. G. A. Fox and Alec Marsh are among the baritones, and Mr. Charles Manners, of course, takes a prominent position as bass singer on the list. The conductors are Mr. Richard Eckhold, Mr. Harold Vicars, and Mr. Harrison Frewin.

I learn that great expectations have been formed in regard to the chorus, which numbers, in all, ninety-two members. Great pains have been taken in the individual selection, and a genuine effort will be made to show that it is possible to assemble an English operatic chorus which shall possess a vocal quality not surpassed by any (shall one say?) really excellent Cathedral choir. The ballet will consist of twenty members, and the band will number, in all, sixty-five instruments.

There is, naturally, a good deal of speculation as to the future of the Queen's Hall; but it may be devoutly wished that Mr. Newman's misfortune will not prevent the customary musical functions, to which London has grown so used, from being continued as brilliantly in the future as they have been in the past. Queen's Hall is so easily and far and away the best concert-building that we have in London that one learns of any possible change in connection with it with just a touch of dismay. At such a moment as this, however, one may recall with great gratitude the singular services which Mr. Newman has accomplished in the interests of music in England. There is no doubt about it that in the past decade or so the musical taste of London has gone through an extraordinary development, which may be, three parts of it, ascribed to the influences that have emanated from the Queen's Hall. Through the energy of this Management, the Metropolis has been introduced to the finest of Continental conductors and to practically all the great soloists of Continental fame. The

Wagnerian cause has been advanced in a most amazing degree, and new music by the greatest of living composers and by some now dead has been introduced to us with a lavish and generous hand. This by no means summarises all that Mr. Newman, in conjunction with his artistic advisers, has done, but it is sufficient to prove the essential debt which all English amateurs owe to this enterprising Manager.

It is announced that there will be no Bayreuth Festival next year, although the reason for the omission is not given. It is not astonishing to find that in English musical circles the Bayreuth fever is gradually dying out. Some few years ago, men who had reckoned themselves among the most enthusiastic supporters of the Shrine began to fail in fervour, and their example seems to have slowly but surely spread abroad. "Common Chord" has made the pilgrimage as many times as most enthusiasts, he imagines; but, unless strange and unexpected things happen, he scarcely thinks it likely that he will adventure again to the musical Mecca of Bavaria. The last performance he saw there of "The Ring" would have done utter discredit to Covent Garden from a scenic point of view. The costumes were horribly inartistic, and even the mere canvases of the scenery could not be pulled into smooth positions; nor was the singing on anything like a fine level. It is not for such failures as these that one chooses to travel many hundred miles in times when holidays are all too brief. COMMON CHORD.

It was generally admitted by the critics that the Covent Garden Opera Syndicate's most artistic triumph during the season in the way of novelties was the production of Miss Ethel M. Smyth's "Der Wald." Although Miss Smyth's name as a composer of operas was scarcely known in England till quite recently, this is not her first work to be performed, for some four years ago she produced "Fantasio" at Weimar, and "Der Wald" itself was heard a few months since at Berlin. As is well known, Miss Smyth is responsible not only for the music, but also the libretto of "Der Wald," which, though somewhat sombre in subject, has many bright and genial touches; indeed, the author clearly proved her ability to deal with lighter themes in an extremely effective and original way. Miss Smyth is undoubtedly a musician to be reckoned with, and her next attempt, haply on a larger scale and with a brighter subject, is anticipated with much interest by lovers of opera.



MISS ETHEL M. SMYTH, COMPOSER OF "DER WALD."

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Cyclists' Friends in Parliament—Ignorance of Politicians—An Amusing Muddle—Wheelmen at Bisley—Many Punctures—The Unfortunate and the Grin—A Welcome Change—Prince Teddy and his New Bicycle.

Time to light up : Wednesday, Aug. 6, 8.39 ; Thursday, 8.38 ; Friday, 8.36 ; Saturday, 8.34 ; Sunday, 8.32 ; Monday, 8.30 ; Tuesday, 8.29.

A talk very interesting to cyclists took place in the House of Commons recently. A tube railway is to be constructed beneath the Tyne from North Shields to South Shields. The promoters wanted to avoid taking bicycles, on the ground that it would be inconvenient and cause delay to general passengers, and because, they asserted, there was a ferry which wheelmen might use, although the point seemed to be ignored that, when the tube railway is running, the ferry will, like Othello, find its occupation gone. A little band of politicians—cyclists before Party men—joined together and made a hard resistance to the passing of the Bill sanctioning the railway unless provision was made to carry at least six bicycles at a charge of not more than threepence apiece. They fought valiantly and well, got the ear of the House, which cried down the opponents, and the Bill was allowed to have its second reading after the clause had been inserted for the benefit of cyclists.

I felt staggered at the amount of ignorance there was about cyclists and cycling in listening to some of the opponents to cyclists' rights. Mr. Crawford Smith, on the Conservative side, and Mr. Corrie Grant, on the Radical, talked the sheerest nonsense. For instance, it was stated that the "tube" would be used only by crowds of holiday-makers on half-holidays in the summer-time, thus causing delay and trouble, and that for six months in the year, namely, in winter-time, a bicycle was never to be seen. It is, therefore, evident many people don't yet regard the wheel as other than a holiday-making toy, and are ignorant thousands of people use it going to their office and returning in all weathers and through all the months of the calendar.

This cycling debate gave rise to one of the most amusing muddles that I can recall in my on-and-off ten years' experience at Westminster. Various alterations had been made in the Bill since it was first drafted. So it came about that, while the Speaker had a copy of an old Bill, members had copies of a new one. It was a long while before this was found out. Therefore, when a man proposed an amendment in Clause 2, line 4, and the Speaker put that to the House, he was really putting to the vote something altogether different from what had been proposed. Indeed, the House was on the point of dividing when the tangle was discovered, and the Speaker, driven to straits of confusion, suggested that, although the House had been called to divide on one matter, the division might stand as relevant to another. It was the most hotch-potch mess there has been for years, and the hilarity which was roused was only increased by that sturdy, burring-tongued Socialist, Mr. Keir Hardie, proclaiming the rights of man and protesting that it was a grave injustice that sixpence should be charged to convey a dog and only a penny to take a man. This assumed the dog was much more important than the man, and, hungering for at least some sort of equality, he wanted dog and man alike to be charged a penny apiece. The House decided, however, against him. So, when you go that way, you will pay a penny for yourself, threepence for your bicycle, and sixpence for your dog.

I spent a recent week-end under canvas down at Bisley. It was exceedingly delightful to escape, if only for a couple of nights, from London atmosphere, and to sleep in the fresh air of a moorside, with nothing but canvas between one and the open. A good many

cyclists went down on the Saturday and Sunday, but not many of them remained in the tents for the week-end. Most of the telegraph-boys were on bicycles, and I could not but admire the agility with which they wheeled over some of the bumpy roads and paths in the neighbourhood.

It is possible to go for many months and never be troubled with a puncture. Then, suddenly, you will have a string of punctures the same day. Until that Saturday I had not been troubled with one for a long time, whilst, in the course of the ride from London to Bisley, I had five punctures. A fatality seemed to pursue me that day, and I lost at least a couple of hours putting the tyres into proper condition. One puncture was due to a nail, and four were due to flints—sharp little shafts with points as keen as penknives. Perhaps one of these days the authorities will discover some other means to mend our highways than by sprinkling them with what has rightly been described as puncture-mixture. In the meantime, however, cyclists who pick up flints as they spin along must grin and bear it.

Somebody says somewhere that the cause of laughter is really an appreciation of other folks' distress. Whether that is so or not, it is a fact that, should you be sitting by the roadside, with your inner tube out and your repairing material scattered around you, nearly every passer-by will give you a grin. I have never met an ordinary cyclist who did not chuckle deeply when he had overtaken a motor-car in a disabled condition. Being an ordinary cyclist, I know exactly that feeling, although there is no justification. Therefore, in a way, one can understand how carriage-folk, motorists, pedestrians, horsemen, carters, and other of the tribes of humanity, feel a glow of satisfaction when they sight a wheelman squatting by a hedge-side

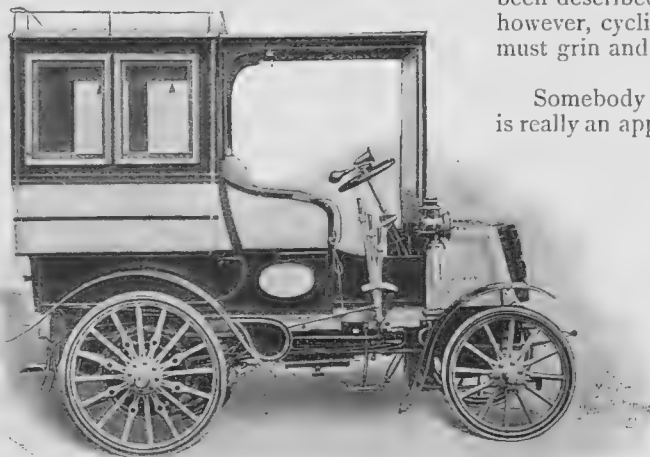
patching his burst tyres. I didn't mind the first puncture or the first grin ; but, when I reached my fifth puncture and hundred-and-fiftieth grin, I was not exactly in an angelic mood.

Those of us who do a good deal of jaunting in country districts have noticed a very welcome change that has come over our friend Boniface at the various hostelries. It is not very long since landlords of inns rather regarded wheelmen as creatures beyond their consideration and who displayed depravity by preferring tea to whisky-and-soda. That, however, was in the times of several years back, and now one can go into an inn, order tea, and not be regarded as an individual who is a nuisance on the face of the earth, and at lunch, if ginger-beer is ordered instead of ale, not necessarily be put down as a goody-goody young man, a vegetarian, an anti-vaccinator, and a misguided being in various other directions.

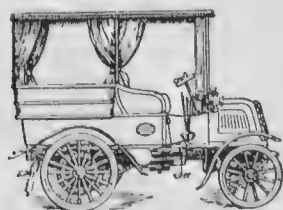
Would it not be possible for longer tubes to be affixed to pumps ? The tube now in vogue, only a few inches long, is liable to split, and is exceedingly uncomfortable to the cyclist when engaged in the occupation of pumping-up. Care has to be taken to avoid broken knuckles, and I know people who are frequently afflicted with headache from the awkward stooping position they feel obliged to adopt when using the short-length tube. What I do myself is to carry a longish tube in my pocket. So, when there is any pumping to be done, I can do it with a minimum of discomfort.

One of the very last things the King did before he was stricken with illness was to give to his little grandson, Prince Edward, a new bicycle on his seventh birthday. It is not a free-wheel, but has fixed gear, 18-inch wheel, 4½-inch crank, and is geared to 48. There is a little plate on the bicycle with the inscription, "Prince Edward of Wales, from the King, June 23, 1902." Prince Edward is extremely pleased with his new possession and, most mornings, can be seen spinning through the park down at Windsor. J. F. F.

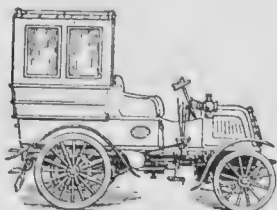
"Headon Hill" has written a number of "Coronation Mysteries," which will be issued in book form in a few weeks.



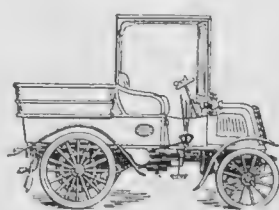
A CONVERTIBLE BROUGHAM TURNED OUT BY THE MOTOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY.



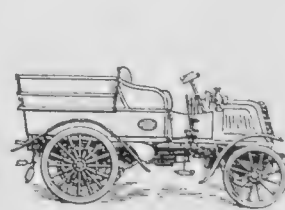
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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The 1904 Derby.

The publication of the entries for the Derby and Oaks is never without interest to followers of racing, be they breeders or owners, and, coming as they do at a rather slack time, one has plenty of leisure in which to take a glance through them.



THE LATE JOHN WATTS.

Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

For the two great Epsom races of 1904, if the subscriptions are not quite so numerous as they were for 1903, still they are sufficient and of good enough quality to show that there is little, if any, diminution in their attractiveness. We were rather startled, the other day, by a rumour to the effect that His Majesty was about to cease taking an active part in horse-racing, but almost before the rumour had time to gain much ground came something in the nature of an official denial. That we racing-men are pleased with the denial goes without saying. The King is too good a sportsman to abandon a sport simply on account of bad luck, but no man cares to pay the huge expenses necessary to keep rank bad horses in

training, and that His Majesty has had some bad ones since Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee is matter of common knowledge. It was decided to weed out the bad ones; hence the rumour of retirement.

For the 1904 Derby the King has entered five colts—three by Persimmon out of Laodamia, La Carolina, and Meadow Chat, one by St. Simon—Azeeza, and one by Orme—Leveret. Persimmon was such sterling quality on the Turf that sooner or later he is bound to sire a good one, and I hope that amongst the lot I have just named there is something that will be found worthy to bear the colours that have twice been carried to victory in the race. Sir Ernest Cassel has entered half-a-dozen, including one by Persimmon—Ways and Means and two by Love Wisely, one out of April Morn and the other, Weatherwise, out of April Fool. Amongst Sir Tatton Sykes' lot of seven are some with grand pedigrees, and all of them, of course, will come up for sale at Doncaster, as will Mr. Platt's seven. In the former septette is one by Isinglass—La Flèche, one by Orme—Plaisanterie, and one by St. Simon—Bonnie Morn, the dam of Kilcock and Good Morning. In Mr. Platt's lot are only a couple of Kendal colts, out of Sea Air and Primrose respectively. There are sure to be some big prices offered for Mr. Platt's and Sir Tatton Sykes' colts at the September Sales.

The Duke of Portland is the biggest subscriber to the Derby, with ten nominations, and I mention with pleasure that nine of them have already received names. Bolsover, by Orme—Clatterfeet, has a "going" pedigree; and Kirkby, by Royal Hampton—Mrs. Buttermilk, suggests ability, seeing the dam won the Oaks. Other Epsom classic winners are represented by Plasmon, by Persimmon—Santa Maria; The Scribe, by Isinglass—Memoir; Lanfine, by Ayrshire—Miss Gunning II.; and a bay colt by Ladas—Modwena. St. Simon is the sire of only a couple of the Duke's ten: Darley Dale, out of Ismay, and Brabazon, out of Mneme. French support is accorded the race by M. E. Blanc, M. Camille Blanc, M. J. de Bremond, M. Maurice Caillant, M. E. Deschamps, M. Ephrussi, M. Michel Ephrussi, and Baron de Froest, while Mr. Francis Foy has entered a couple from New South Wales, and New York is responsible for twenty entries.

The Oaks.

Liberal French and American entries are also made in the Oaks, in which the King has a trio of Persimmon fillies and one by Florizel II. The Persimmon youngsters include one out of Nunsuch, a mare

I gave to win the Cambridgeshire when, with Sloan on her back, she was left at the post. Two days later, she won the old Cambridgeshire, and won easily, much to my disgust. Sir J. Blundell Maple, who, by the way, has named seven in the Derby, has half-a-dozen in the Oaks, including one by Islington out of Reservation. Islington is an own brother to Isinglass, and stood for some years in America. Two Mr. Muskens, H. and J., name fillies. Mr. H. Musker is a seldom-seen name in sporting prints—in fact, I don't remember to have ever seen it before. Mr. J. Musker, on the other hand, is the well-known owner and breeder, and his lot are, of course, Meltons, out of Kylesku; Britta, and Golden Wings. Lord Rosebery's quintette include fillies by Ladas, Sir Visto, Velasquez, and St. Frusquin. Sir Tatton Sykes has entered several, two of which have very sweet pedigrees; they are by Orme—Plaisanterie and by Isinglass—Wedlock. One of M. E. Blanc's nominations is Foxa, by Flying Fox—Risqué Tout; and I may say here that this gentleman's three Derby nominations are all sired by Flying Fox.

We are apt to think sometimes that, because we hear little of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, they are in a quiescent state. But things are not what they seem always. In the way of gossip, I hear that an inquiry was recently made into the running of a couple of well-known horses, the form shown by them having been, like the Heathen Chinee, peculiar. What the result was, nobody but those immediately interested knows; but the fact that inquiry was made serves to show that the Stewards are awake. It is as well they should be, for some of the doings on the Turf this year have been very queer, or, at least, have to onlookers appeared queer.

John Watts.

The late John Watts was one of the greatest artists that ever sat in a saddle, and the number of his successes was great. With the exception of Maher and Sloan—although comparisons can scarcely be made, seeing that they had a different seat—I have never seen a man sit a horse better. With the motion of a horse he seemed to be an integral part—it was impossible for the eye to separate them, and to watch him squeeze one home in a tight finish always gave me keen pleasure. I recollect to have seen him smile only once, and that was on the great occasion—who that was there will ever forget it?—when he returned to scale from winning the Derby on Persimmon after that terrific finish with St. Frusquin. At all other times his face wore its usual stoical expression. He won the Derby four times—on Merry Hampton, Sainfoin, Ladas, and Persimmon; the Oaks five times, the St. Leger five times, the Two Thousand Guineas three and the One Thousand Guineas four times.

CAPTAIN COE.

The Liebig Company, who have for many years past possessed vast tracts of cattle-farms in Uruguay and the Argentine Republic, are now extending their operations to the Republic of Paraguay, where they have bought two farms, comprising 178,000 acres, which will in a few years be fully stocked with fine Hereford cattle. This addition makes the total area of the Lemco and Oxo cattle-farms 705,000 acres, or more than four times the size of the county of Middlesex.



MR. FRANK ALLEN (GENERAL MANAGER OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME) IN HIS CAR, PRESENTED TO HIM ON HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY BY THE MEMBERS OF THE MUSIC-HALL AND VARIETY PROFESSION. SILVER TO THE VALUE OF OVER £1000 WAS ALSO GIVEN HIM ON THE OCCASION.

Photograph by Mayall and Co., Kingston-on-Thames.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT is, I think, a well-admitted fact that Englishwomen dress themselves better—are more becomingly hatted, more trimly shod, not to mention an improved state in such subterranean details as corsetting—than they did, say, even a decade since. To lay down that we have arrived at Gallic completeness would be an over-elaborate embroidery of facts and an impossibility to the solid British constitution besides. We have, however, gone part of the way, and in the workmanlike country tailor-made of morning, or the foaming, frothy frivolities of her evening chiffons, Britannia makes quite effective exits and entrances nowadays. It is as a Summer Girl that she frequently fails, though, because those details of gloves, cravat, shoes, stockings even—Tell it not in Gath—are less complete and perfect in tone or texture than those of the dainty American or *bien-soigné* Parisienne. The “hang” of a skirt, the tint of a parasol—even the manner of pinning in a posy—can be either an accomplishment or a perpetration. It is often the first, but more often the latter, with Miss John Bull.

Garden-parties with tennis, which rage freely in the country just now, are generally a piteous sight, sartorially speaking. That good-looking girls should, indeed, garb themselves in plain, unpliant duck and drill, with skirts a foot off the ground, pipeclayed shoes, sailor-hats jammed uncompromisingly over their foreheads, and yet hope to enslave the impressionable male at such functions, proclaims an unbalanced state of reasoning. Croquet, now, however scientific, admits of millinery, and so, to a mitigated extent, does golf. But tennis, as a means of “bringing the young people together,” should

ring the changes several times a week, and oscillate from vivid scarlet with Satanic slashings of black braid and lace, to the dove-like simplicity of grey serge or the dazzling purity of white stockingnette, flanked by solid guipure or pipings of silk. Embroidered linens set forth with Irish crochet, cambrics with Cluny lace, and daintily made



[Copyright.]

A BEAUTIFUL GOWN FOR A GARDEN-PARTY.

be left out of the list. And, if I were afflicted with marriageable daughters, all athletic prancings, pipeclayed shoes, and the rest would have no place in their equipment.

It is at such smart foreign watering-places as Homburg, Aix, Ostend, or Trouville that the well-bestowed Summer Girl makes her most effective appearances when at the seaside. Her bathing-costumes



[Copyright.]

A SIMPLE WHITE FLANNEL FOR THE COUNTRY.

washing-silks account for the morning promenade, while overwhelming achievements in costume are reserved for the afternoon, when lace, lawn, Madeira-work, embroideries, applications, incrustations, and Heaven knows what accessories besides, peacock and parade before admiring men and deprecating other women. If the apex and acme of extravagance and frou-frouing has not been already arrived at, it is certain to come forth for the Casino in the evening, where we see the amplification of the Summer Girl to her fullest feather and the complete annihilation of all less ornamental folk thereby.

The resurrection of the Anglesey diamonds promises to prove one of the Silly Season sensations, while their recovery disposes of many far-fetched storiettes which have been industriously circulated by sensation-mongers; and, apropos of diamonds, Mary, Lady Anglesey, is one of those who have adopted the new device of covering her low-dressed hair with a net of diamonds. Lady Granby first gave the fashion a fillip over here, and a very becoming and uncommon one it is for those who can wear it. Young Lady Anglesey, if one may so differentiate her, has been a good deal about with her step-mother-in-law lately, and was looking very nice at a party the other evening in a pink chiffon frock of obviously French construction, with a spring-like wreath of pink apple-blossom in her ruddy brown hair. Green wreaths have also been, as well as flower circlets, a favourite fashion for the hair this season; and as for diamond tiaras, like the French Legion of Honour, few escape them nowadays.

By the way, why should not ambitious women, anxious not alone to shine but glitter at all points, have recourse to the inimitable

Parisian Diamond Company for their extra effects? Nothing could exceed the absolutely good taste of their designs or the sheen and glitter of their pearls and diamonds, while, in the matter of price, no one either need languish in despair, as Herrick hath it, for a tiara, a necklace, or other charming bauble, since this thrice-blessed Company initiated their great departure in artistic gem-setting.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. F. (Kensington).—The only way that suggests itself is the purchase of a light fringe which will not come uncurled during your stay at the seaside. I can send you the names of a few good hairdressers who specialise in this sort of thing, if you wish. I really think it would be better to buy your race-coat ready-made; there are such smart ones to be had now at the sales.

FLORENCE (Chippenham).—The straight-fronted corset is more suited to stout figures. You will find the acme of comfort and cut in the corsets of the London Corset Company, Bond Street. Their "Samothrace" is a particularly good shape. Lucille, of Hanover Square, I also hear well spoken of.

SCOTCH GIRL (Loch Leven).—If you intend to start in the North of Ireland and work South, you should include the Slieve Donard Hotel, Co. Down, in your list of places to be visited. It is excellently placed for scenery and sport, and the food, I am well assured, is excellent.—SYBIL.

BISLEY.

It is extremely likely that, as the staple form of competition at the Bisley meetings of the National Rifle Association, and those kindred Associations which are allied with it and spread all over the world, the last has been seen of shooting at a fixed mark at an ascertained distance. The question has more than once been raised of late whether the "N.R.A." was really living up to its ideal—that is to say, whether, as the body most highly responsible for the encouragement of rifle-shooting by the forces of the Crown, it had, in arranging its schemes of work, been guided sufficiently, or if at all, by the manifold lessons of the recent War in South Africa.

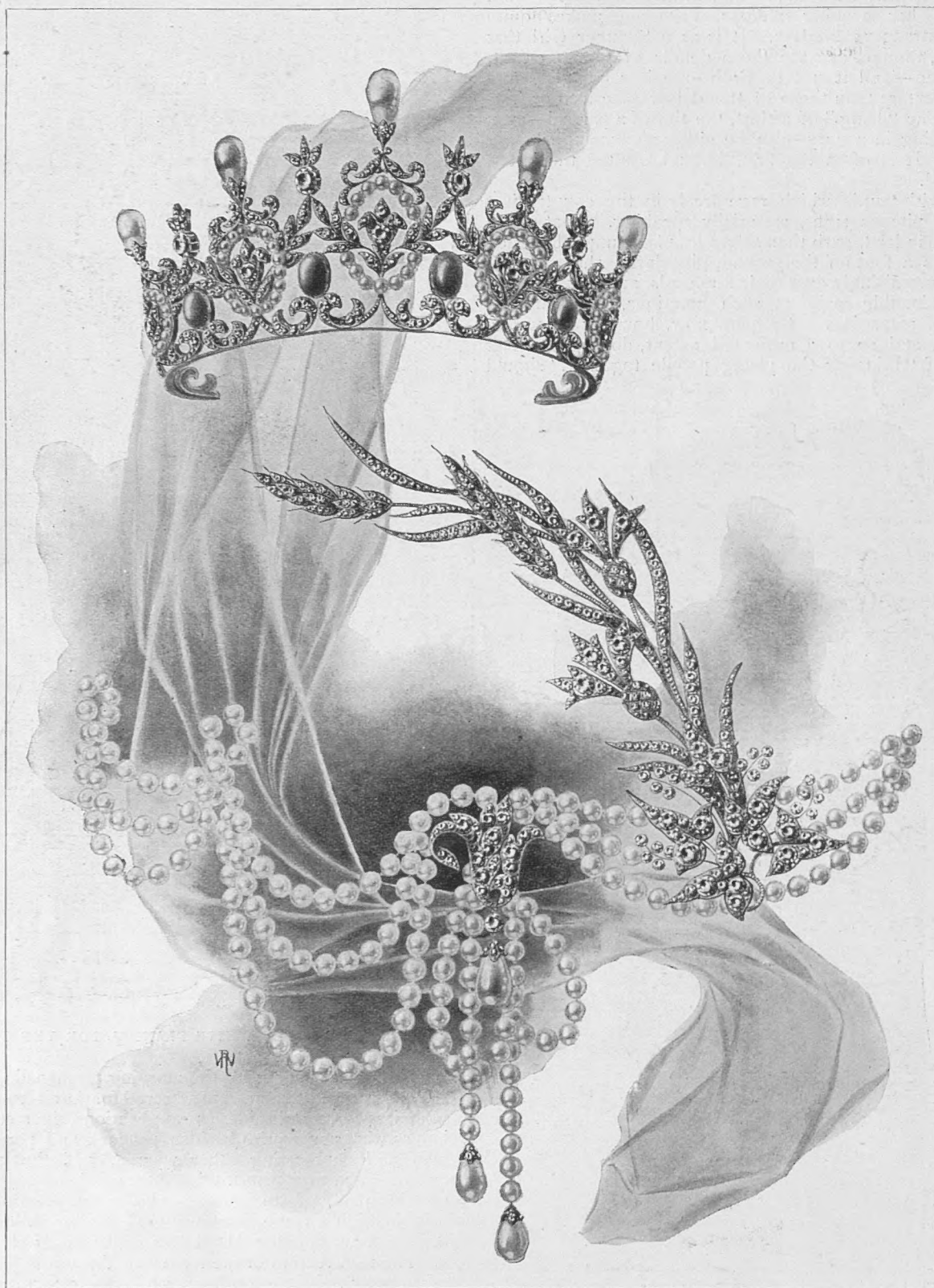
There can be no mistaking the meaning of Earl Roberts' remarks at the prize-giving ceremony which marked the close of the proceedings at the meeting that has just been ushered into the past. The Association had, he said, done good service "in the past"; but it was not living in the present, it was not "up-to-date." Such words constitute a very serious indictment of a body which is practically a public trust. No one envies the Council of the Association in their present position. In any case, it would not be an easy matter to entirely recast so important a programme as theirs, but, in this case, the duty has been

cast upon a corporation that is effete in many of its methods and has for years persistently fought against any strengthening of its personnel by a much-needed infusion of new blood.

The Council have, unquestionably, a hard year's fighting before them. Not only will they have to wrestle with their own firmly rooted objections to change, but they will, it is certain, have to make a very strenuous struggle—mostly against their own feelings, as, no doubt, will be seen—with a large proportion of the members of the Association, most of them shooting members with a very personal interest at stake. The proceedings will be interesting to watch. It will be impossible for the Council to burke the matter, and, to render assurance doubly

sure that it is taken into consideration properly, the safest way is to arouse a certain amount of public interest in what must be pending.

The finish of the shooting for the King's Prize was both exciting and curious. Exciting, not from the high scoring, but for the opposite reason. I am writing without the material at hand to verify the assertion, but my impression is, after seeing the final stage of the "Queen's," as it used to be, and now the "King's" Prize shot, on many occasions, that the scoring has never been so low, since rifles of small calibre and low trajectory have been in use, as it was this year. This does not detract from the noteworthy performance of the winner, Lieut. Johnson, of the London Rifle Brigade, who, under the circumstances—it was blowing twenty-five feet of wind—did, I thought, very well indeed. He learned to shoot as a cadet at King's College. Mark ye this fact, cadets all.



ARTISTIC GEM-SETTING AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

will be delighted to learn that a permanent memorial, in the shape of a statue of the distinguished composer, is to be placed in the Embankment Gardens, abutting on the Savoy, so intimately associated, as it is, with the production of his great masterpieces. My correspondent adds that lovers of light opera have to thank that energetic and worthy body, the London County Council, for this fitting tribute to the memory of one who probably added more sunshine to English life than has any other English composer.

Rumour has it that a really excellent contralto, Miss Mabel Brenn, who has been a pupil of Mr. Barton McGuckin, is destined for considerable success on the concert-platform. She has been engaged for three seasons of Ballad Concerts by Boosey.

Admirers of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 12.

MONEY AND MARKETS.

MONEY has been in strong demand and rates have been very firm for three months' bills, while to take longer-dated paper there has been a strong disinclination. This account looks like being one of the slackest ever known, with two Bank Holidays and the Coronation coming into it. Business gets beautifully less as each week goes by, and members have given up looking forward to a revival until they come back from their holidays, about the middle of September. As far as Kaffirs are concerned, most people have come to the conclusion that it is better to leave them alone, although we still think that for those who will use their opportunities, and buy only what they can pay for, there is not a bad prospect. Our advice would be to wait for a dull day, the duller the better, buy moderately, sell on a small profit if you can do so quickly, and, if not, pay for the shares and wait.

THE PORTUGUESE ARRANGEMENT.

Although we are not by any means enamoured of the ways of the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders, we do not see that the holders of the Portuguese External Debt could do anything but accept the proposals to cut down the capital by 50 per cent. The meeting was very badly attended, and no very great amount of enthusiasm, as may be imagined, marked the proceedings; but, as the French and German holders had agreed, and the relative amount of stock which has found a home in this country is small, it would have done little good to waste words on empty protests. There was a time when the credit of nearly all Foreign Governments depended on the English holders, but those days, fortunately for us, have long since gone by, and now it can safely be said that, except in the case of one or two specialities, the British public is not greatly interested in Foreign Bonds. As a rule, we prefer to wish the French and other Continental friends of ours joy of their holdings.

PEASE AND PARTNERS.

The report of Pease and Partners is another example of the fluctuating nature of coal and iron businesses. That there would be a heavy drop in the profits was generally expected, and has long been reflected in the price of the shares, but the figures are considerably worse than the most intelligent anticipation. After allowing for debenture interest, the net results of the last four years are: 1898-9, £146,000; 1899-0, £335,000; 1900-1, £310,000; 1901-2, £149,000. For the same periods, the dividends have been 10 per cent., 20 per cent., 17½ per cent., and 8 per cent., respectively. Of course, this is not a bad showing, amounting to 55½ per cent. in four years; but it is not the kind of thing to suit the nervous old lady who has to live on her income and hopes it will be about the same every year. Lower prices and lessened demand are the causes assigned for the great fall in the profits, and it is said that of late there has been an improvement. When 20 per cent. was paid, all sorts and conditions of people were anxious buyers, although, as everybody who knows the trade understood, it was a case of getting in at the top. The shares are far more likely to turn out a good purchase in the present depressed times than at the end of two booming years.

AMERICANS AND SOUTH AFRICANS.

The course of the Yankee Market in Wall Street presents several somewhat striking points of coincidence with that of the Kaffir Circus on this side. While it would appear that the general expectancy favours a bullish market, the number of weak holders who have to realise on any sharp decline is too large to admit of a pronounced recovery taking place in the absence of public buying. In each case, the leaders and recognised "supporters"—that last word will soon ring with an ironical sound unless matters quickly mend—are unwilling to accord any aid to the markets so long as the thin stream of selling dribbles on. The Yankee Market, however, lacks the moral support which Mr. Chamberlain's utterances have lent to the South African department, although in the Kaffir Circus they never quite know what the Colonial Secretary may be going to say next, and therefore they treat his ten-per-cent. remarks to a certain amount of discounting. The corn crop is being taken as a strong bull point by the long-side operators in Yankees, and, after the hot weather, it will undoubtedly be made the very most of when the magnates return from their hills and shores prepared to give the public another run for its money. In the Kaffir Kraal, the vital point upon which all else hinges for the moment is the labour question, as to the settlement of which our well-informed Correspondent at Johannesburg gave useful information last week in these pages. In both markets the public is away, and, secure in their knowledge on that point, the bears are making the most of their play-time.

PRACTICAL ELECTRICAL TRACTION.

Each day brings forth some new evidence of the power which electric traction is assuming all over the country. It is all very well for Lord Claud Hamilton to plead, as he presided over the Great Eastern meeting, for an Archbishop to be placed upon some of the House of Lords Committees which are sanctioning what Lord Claud calls unsound finance in the matter of tubular railways.

Well though it be to have the warning voiced by such grave authority, it would sound more convincing were the speaker less disinterested. The Great Eastern Board still holds aloof from the system of traction which so greatly threatens its prosperity under the auspices of others, but the North-Eastern is on the point of experimentalising with some thirty-seven miles of line, and, although the branch selected for the trial is insignificant, the new departure is far from being that. The Waterloo and City is throwing off its leading-strings, and the London and South-Western must indeed rejoice to see its expensive bantling give every appearance of walking alone—and profitably. The working expenses have been reduced from 54·78 per cent. to 44·84 per cent., a quite remarkable saving. At the City and South London Railway meeting last week, the Chairman was congratulating his co-proprietors upon more satisfactory circumstances than ever had prevailed before.

HOLIDAY HAUTE FINANCE.

To say the world is but a small place after all is to re-echo a platitude of platitudes, and yet this is just the remark which two men made simultaneously as they came face to face on the famous Gerner Grat—two men who are well known to readers of *The Sketch* financial columns and whose thinly veiled identity will easily be pierced under the new *noms-de-glace* with which we will endow them for the nonce.

Both men were puffing vigorously. The last half-hour's clamber which had carried them over the ten-thousand-foot level is steep enough to take away anyone's breath, even were the air less rare. Both carried the conventional five-foot alpenstock; and, as before noted, they exclaimed together about the smallness of this planet.

"Can you imagine!" cried The Englishman; "Can you imagine that there even exists such a place as the London Stock Exchange! Just look at Monte Rosa!"

"Ah," replied The Scotsman, "it's better than telling brokers all day long that Chartered Rosa sixteenth. Isn't it?"

"You'll start an avalanche if you talk like that," was The Englishman's indignant response.

"Who's that talking about Chartered?" put in a tourist standing behind them, lowering his field-glasses as he spoke.

The two Housemen turned round sharply.

"Pardon me," went on the speaker; "but I'm an Amurrican, and when I was in your country I laid in a few Chartered by way of taking an interest in South Africa, and I rather fancy I bought a day too soon. Well?"

"This is the authority on Chartered," said The Englishman, as he turned towards his friend.

"And at present the authority takes a keener interest in his luncheon prospects than 'shop' affairs," said The Scotsman, with a smile. "Won't you come inside and talk it over there? They've quite a decent wine-list."

A more cosmopolitan crowd it would have been impossible to discover even in the Foreign Market of the Stock Exchange than was assembled round the tables of the little hostel on the Gerner Grat.

"I vote we have ours *en plein air*," said The American, and, the others concurring, one of the small outside tables was speedily requisitioned. The mighty snow-clad giants were visible in a complete circle, and it seemed almost desecration to eat, drink, and talk shop in full view of the wonderful panorama. Nevertheless—

"What did you give for them?" asked The Scotsman, looking critically at his sandwich-roll.

"It was about 34, I rather fancy," replied the holder of the Chartered. "They were all right so long as I stopped in London, but, as soon as my baggage was strapped and registered for Parrus, down they came."

"I see that all the Kaffir Market has been flat since I came away," said The Scotsman.

"Effect and cause," interrupted The Englishman.

"But that is only what you ought to expect. What is there to make prices any better, eh?" and he looked quite fiercely at The American.

"I-dn know," returned that individual. "When I told one of your compatriots that I wanted to take a hand in South Africans, he said Chartered as fast as though he had a heap of them and wanted to liquidate. But I guessed I couldn't go far wrong in having a few in a thing like that, eh?"

"You will have to wait your turn like the rest of us. We shall have Kaffirs good in time again, and you will be able to jump out of your Chartered at 4, without a doubt."

"You think just that?" inquired the American, helping himself to the *vin du pays* which tastes so good in the keen air of those altitudes.

"I do," reiterated The Scotsman. "I think a man is more likely to make money by buying South Africans when all the weak bulls are clearing out than he is by locking up his money in Railway stocks."

"You're not alluding to funiculars?" queried The American, as he took out his return-ticket and pointed to the price.

"Oh, we are walking," said the Englishman, thoughtfully stroking his knees. "I wonder what people would say in our country if they had to pay rack-and-pinion rates. Appropriate names, both of them, for these mountain railways."

"Certainly, they ought to pay better dividends than the South-Eastern or the Metropolitan District," interposed an elderly gentleman, whose ice-axe and thickly nailed boots proclaimed his bent.

"Ye peaks! Here is another hapless investor on the mountain."

Come and sit down," invited The Englishman. "You're off-side for the Matterhorn hut, you know."

The Walker nodded carelessly to Monte Rosa. "Wanted to see how she looked from up here before I start," he explained. "I heard you talking stocks and shares, so—"

"Pray don't apologise," observed The Scotsman. "You couldn't come to a better spot for information as to Home Railways. He will tell you all about them. What's the point?"

The Englishman shook his head and protested that he really knew very little about the market.

"I only wondered whether I should sell my Railway stocks and get rid of the bother of the things," said The Mountaineer. "I am one of those unfortunate beggars who really ought to keep clear of the stock markets altogether, because they only worry me."

"The South-Eastern is doing much better now, of course," The Englishman remarked. "I saw the half-year's results the other day, and they were comparatively decent. Comparatively, I repeat."

"I have seen no figures for the last six months," complained The Proprietor.

"The Company did manage to earn all its Preference dividends for the first half of 1902," continued The Englishman, "which is considerably better than its results for the same period last year. But, of course, the Deferred stock is miles away from any dividend."

"A good 14,000 feet," confirmed the Scotsman, nodding to the Dent Blanche.

"Then you think I'd better sell?"

"I should think so, if it worries you. Although my impression is that Home Railway stocks will pick up again in the future."

"The dim and distant fu— What's that?"

It was a little snowball dropped on to the table from above. They all looked up.

"Come up right here. You've been talking shop more than long enough!" cried The American.

They went.

Friday, Aug. 1, 1902.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter, is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal-order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LAGA.—Your letter and request for negatives should have been addressed to the Editor, not the "City Editor," as you would have seen if you had read the note at the head of this column. We have passed on the letter to the right quarter.

AML.—The accounts are made up to Nov. 17 in each year and submitted in December. Your figures are, approximately, correct for last year. The £30,000 was placed to a suspense account and £12,000 carried forward.

F. G. L.—The question of contango on carrying over Mining shares depends on supply and demand, and no rate is fixed by the Stock Exchange Committee. If shares are plenty and sellers are anxious to deliver, the rate is high to postpone taking them; if, on the other hand, shares are short and buyers are asking for delivery, the rate to carry over a bargain is low. You can pretty well check your broker's charges by looking in the financial papers for the current charge on the particular shares you have open.

V. A. D.—We know no particular reason for the low price of the B. C. Company, except that the concerns in which it is supposed to be interested are out of favour. As to West Nicholsons, the report referred to last week is enough to explain the fall.

HOLIDAY.—To keep open your shares while you are abroad is to court disaster, unless you give the broker limits both up and down or discretion to close if he thinks things are going worse.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Bank Holiday, we are obliged to go to press early, and correspondents will, we hope, kindly excuse us if their letters are not answered as they expect.

A model of the monument which, it is understood, is to be placed over Mr. Rhodes' tomb in the Matoppo Hills has been exhibited on the Chelsea Embankment, adorned with the panels which Mr. Rhodes ordered for the monument he proposed to erect on the Shangani River to the memory of the little band of heroes who died there with Major Allan Wilson in December 1893. It is, however, unlikely that Mr. Rhodes' family and executors will allow this huge mausoleum to be erected in the Matoppo, for it would be in direct opposition to the wishes of the Great Empire Builder, who specially desired that there should be nothing over his grave but a rock with a brass plate bearing his name and dates.

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